SLINGSHOT

AGAINST THE ENVIRONMENT

Towards a Decolonial Bioregionalism

By Ceanothus

Even within the city, we are made of the land and context. Our bodies are about 60% water by mass, and every drop tells a story. For us in the Bay Area, this water probably evaporated from the Pacific Ocean, near the Gulf of Alaska. It crossed the rocky coast of Northern California, the rolling mountain redwood forests of the Coast Range, and the golden Central Valley. It rose over the chaparral and scrub oak foothills of the Sierra Nevada, and higher over bristling pine forests. Above the tree line, it froze into tiny crystals and softly blanketed high granite peaks and passes. In

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colonies, where indigenous peoples were locked into slave plantations to extract the raw materials those metropolises would process. This uprooting decontextualizes human labor and identity from the fabric of ecology and place and redirects it for the production of surplus value. Likewise, the labor of the land itself is exploited for surplus, as tilled soil struggles to create life and dammed rivers struggle to flow toward the sea, condemned to create profit along the way.

The result has been a more complicated story of our water: After its journey in mountains and meandering rivers, the water

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By Jesse D. Palmer

Slingshot collective turned 25 years old this spring — the first issue was published March 9, 1988. Twenty-five years is a long time especially for a loosely organized, all-volunteer radical project. Why did the collective form in the first place, what has sharp contrast with the slick propaganda magazines published by the various Marxist party organizations that hung around Berkeley in the late 1980s, to say nothing of the mainstream media. But the look wasn't just a style — it was also a direct result of our lack of funds, resources and professional training, plus the haste and immediacy with which we made each issue.

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FAT BODIES

Rejecting Procrustean Body Politics

By Kermit

For a long time, while I was growing up, being fat was something that I could not think about without getting depressed. I was encouraged to believe that fat kids were unhealthy, unattractive, and unable to accomplish things. I had a nagging fear that my weight was the most notable thing about me, that it still fat. Recently, some interactions with friends and family prompted me to think more explicitly about the way a fear of fat shapes many of the assumptions people make about each other and ultimately restricts everyone's ability to comfortably and confidently be ourselves.

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> "Slingshot is a glue that holds a community together while expanding and renewing it."

The first issue was a single sheet of 11 X 17 white paper, folded in half. It was raw and militant, with handwritten headlines and hilarious seditious graphics. From the beginning, the idea was for radicals to write about the actions we are organizing in our own voices — avoiding any translation by media middlemen. In 1988, the internet hadn't been invented so grassroots radical information was spread through in-person discussions, over the phone, or in print. We wanted to inspire rebellion and get more people involved in the struggle. The paper had a hyper-local focus: radical activities around the UC Berkeley campus, Telegraph Avenue and the Southside Berkeley neighborhood.

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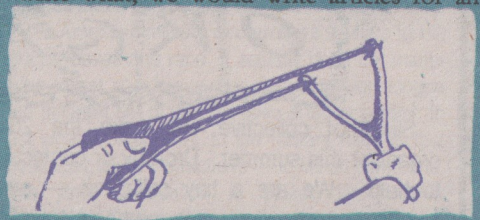
The first few months, we published one tiny photocopied issue a week, with each one coming together in less than a day. We didn't have a set publishing schedule but when we wanted to publicize a planned action or have a discussion in the aftermath of a protest, we would decide to make an issue. A small group would get together in the afternoon to figure out who should write what, we would write articles for an



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> Being Fat has made me who I am in ways that I do not regret

I don't actually spend very much time thinking about my weight these days and I do feel healthy, happy, and confident about my body most of the time. I am able to feel sexy and connect to myself and others physically in ways that would not have seemed possible to my younger self. I am still fat. Recently, some interactions with friends and family prompted me to think more explicitly about the way a fear of fat shapes many of the assumptions people make about each other and ultimately restricts everyone's ability to comfortably and confidently be ourselves.

Health: Fat as Disease

One of the excuses that people often use to justify fat phobia is to claim that being fat isn't healthy. Health can be measured in a whole lot of ways. Often, however, holistic assessments of heath that take the individual mind and body into account are ignored in favor of scrutinizing numbers on a scale and making broad assumptions about them.

The code for fat in medical language is BMI [Body Mass Index], the simple ratio of someone's weight to their height. This number is often used as a key metric in assessing the health of large populations and individual people but it does not indicate anything about blood pressure, cholesterol levels, body type, the activity of

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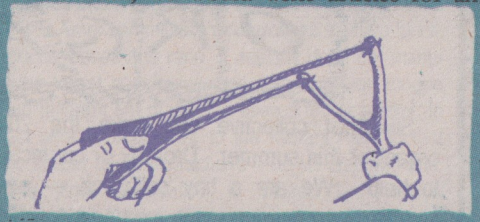

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Slingshot Free stuff

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

This issue we tried a lot experiments with how we make the paper. We added an extra weekend to the editing process to try to allow more time for article revisions and better communication with authors. This also gave us more time to focus on the detail work of putting together this beast, which we normally cram into a short span of time. This was supposed to make for more of a clear-headed and rested layout. . . although it is after midnight as this is getting typed. Also to try to make the articles easier to read, we discussed changing the type font for all the text, but ended up deciding to print some pages in our regular font, and other pages in a serif font (Garamond). Let us know which one you prefer, or if you have any other suggestions and perhaps by next issue we'll pick one or the other. Most daring of all we tried to have the articles online and available for proofreading a week before we went to print as opposed to the night before. This good idea took several hours to implement and was summarily ignored — like a lot of "improvements" that radicals put forth.

Real life disrupted all the fancy processes when several people who were halfway done with pages had to leave so they could do jail support for friends who got arrested after an Occupy the Farm encampment was raided at 4 am. This is our favorite problem to have when we make an issue.

While our collective has conflicting opinions about social media, and typically the internet just confuses us, we compromised and one of us registered a tumblr account for the collective. You can see pictures of us making the paper and more at slingshotnews.tumblr.com.

Transition is the only constant. As we stumble forward with the project and our process, a few long-time members of the collective are leaving, just as a new wave of people are joining.

Slingshot lost another alumni in March when Harlan Cross passed away. We originally met Harlan listening to his pirate radio show while we were doing layout. He had contests on his show and offered a free prize to winners, which he would drop off at Long Haul the day after the show — things like a potato or a rock in a paper bag labeled "free prize." Harlan was wickedly funny and creative, a righteous union organizer, fearless

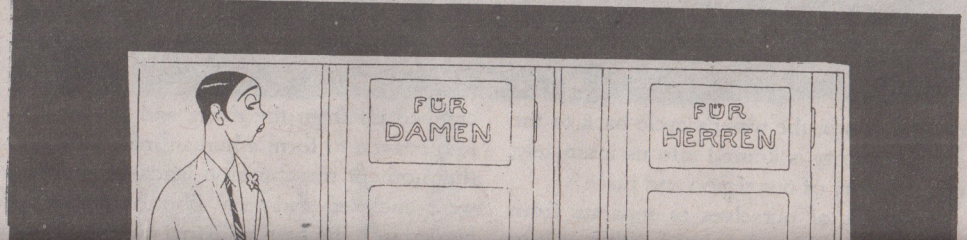
A TranSbliSter SCREAM

to cis or not to cis

By Roxy Monoxide

I am a trans person who is newer to the term cis. I don't use the term and I don't really like it, because I find the term confusing (what the hell does it mean? I did study and understand the Latin roots blah blah, which to me only adds to the confusion) and insulting (I know it's about trans people not feeling othered, but do we have to call our friends who don't identify as trans "cis" which sounds like they are cysts?) I do want to support my younger radical trans friends in developing new language that takes the burden of otherness off of our shoulders, but then again I feel othered often within activist communities, with their strict language and code rules that are supposed to be challenging mainstream hierarchies but end up creating hierarchies within its PC activist scenes (yes, activism does act and react just like all those "shallow" rocker and hipster scenes, the same popularity contests ensue because I haven't picked up on the new PC term of the moment.) Personally I find "cis" ageist and classist, if we are gonna keep going down these roads of political critique, ageist because most older trans folks don't know the term, and classist because the whole analysis and linguistics around it smacks of college privilege.

I actually read Enola D's apology for Slingshot running Robert Eggplant's article before I read his critique of the term cis, and I



trans and non trans folks alike, is that it shows that life isn't just either/or. My non trans friends don't claim to fully understand my experience, but they don't want to be a cyst, they'd probably be fine with being a sis, but if we are gonna really have to study Latin to understand this debate, then I'd say cis is even worse, because no one is a rock forever embedded on the far or near side of some arbitrary line. In the late nineties there were debates within the trans community between those who identified as transsexual and transgendered. At the time, after a couple years of hormones and electrolyis, and legally changing my gender, I identified as

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transsexual, and understood my transsexual friends critique of transgender as being too broad, anyone who wore clothes usually assigned the opposite gender suddenly could claim transgendered when us who were changing ourselves completely in a path that is long and painful were suddenly out-dated. But

a subculture when many don't. Really there is no one trans experience, there are unlimited trans experiences: some trans folks are empowered by calling themselves trans, who fall all over and beyond the gender spectrum, while others don't want that label, who identity as a man or woman and so rightly expect to be respected as such.

This debate reminds me of another debate raging around the use of the word "queer", and who should or shouldn't identity as queer, queer as an inclusive or exclusive term. As one who has been massively shaped by queer culture in many forms, yet doesn't identify with LGBT as an institution, being part of the thrown-on tail end B and T of that lineage, I'm tired of L and G people deciding who should or should not be queer, as if they are the "pure" queers, and us others just don't count as much. These days trans-ness is a lot more visible, and accepted, than in the nineties when I was coming out, when radical feminism often still thought of transwomen as co-opting women's bodies, and transmen as traitors to womanhood. We've moved beyond that reactionary and simplistic outlook just like we are now more supportive, at least in activist political speak, of people of color and sex workers. Of course, the reality isn't so clean cut, the same shit goes on and on, and those

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While we were making this issue, climate scientists announced that the level of CO2 in the atmosphere had exceeded 400 parts per million for the first time in 2 million years. This was on top of the super strange weather no one can help but notice: late snow storms, early heat waves, no rain when its supposed to rain, or else intense flooding. Such climate chaos is exactly what scientists have been telling us would happen as global warming puts more energy into the climate systems, making them more unstable and energetic. You'd expect we'd be able to list a *few* climate related protests or actions in our calendar, but we couldn't find much. As a matter of fact, protests of *any* kind against *anything* were hard to find, which is reflected in this issue. There are lots of articles about ideas — less so on putting theory into practice. We sense the system is fragile and vulnerable, but it may not topple on its own without some help from you.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, etc. to make this paper. If you send something written, please be open to editing.

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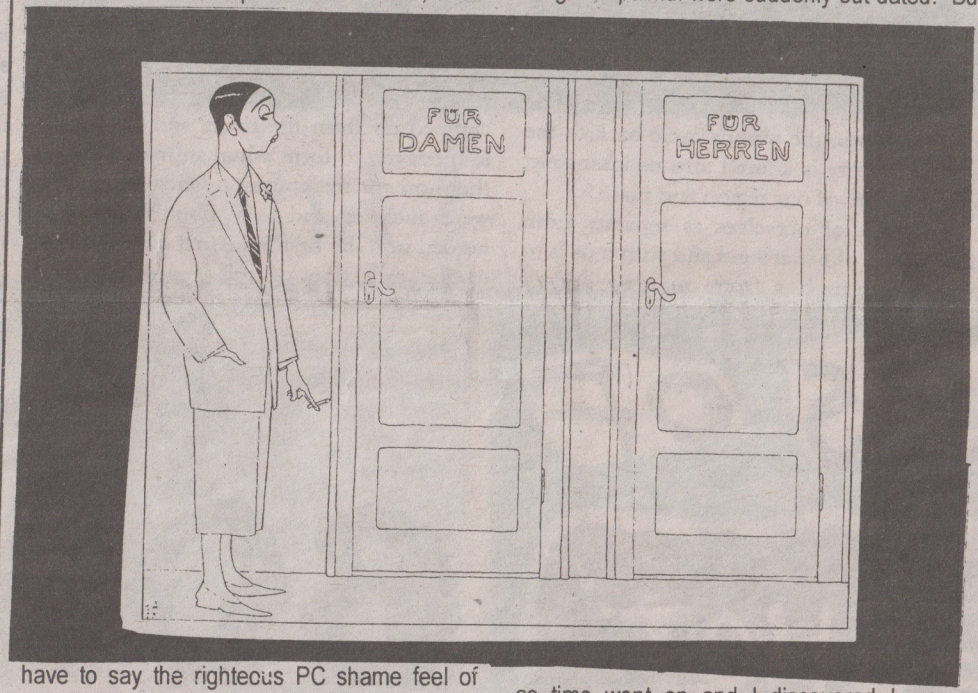

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JOIN US to create the

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Thanks to the people who made this: Aaron, Becca, Bill, Cris, Darin, Eggplant, Enola!, Hanora, Hayley, Jesse, Joey, J-tronn, Kermit, Kris, Lew, Moh, Stephski, Tessa, Xander. and all the authors and artists who contributed work.

Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with *Slingshot* can come to the new volunteer meeting on August 18, 2013 at 4 p.m. at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 114 by September 14, 2013 at 3 p.m.

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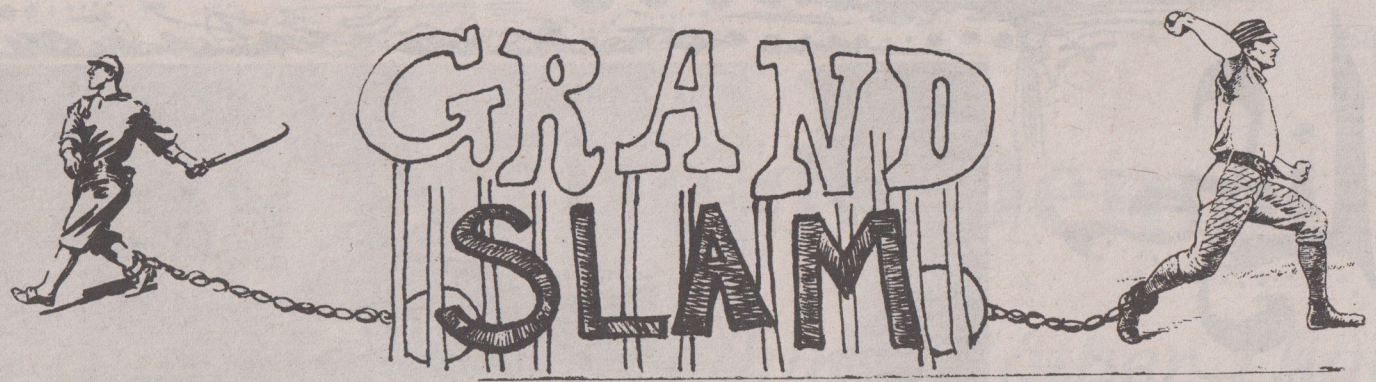
In the late nineties and early two thousands other trans friends and I used the term Tranny, which is out of favor and considered offensive now in many circles, but to us we were re-defining the term; we were showing our pride and fearlessness to be ourselves, that to be different and unique was a plus. We also used the term "Genny" to describe non trans folks, which was playfully jabbing. Genny meaning both genetic and generic gendered. I don't use those terms anymore, because like the current terms of trans and cis, the problem of either/or continues. To me one of the most beautiful aspects of the trans experience, for as time went on and I discovered I was a transgendered transsexual, becoming re-empowered with my gender-queer self, I came to feel that this desperation to claim a term, to decide who is trans and who isn't, is repeating the same either/or bullshit that oppresses so many trans folks of all types. As a trans person coming from punk rock I've found it easier than some trans people to live as my own gender version, although that doesn't slow homophobic or transphobic attacks, or change the fact that I still have to constantly remind people that I prefer the she pronoun, but I had

white privilege is something all white people should learn to de-construct, but what I'd say is missing from more recent political analysis is class. Of course everyone thinks they're poor since we're all from the 99 percent, but class is more than how much money you currently make. Class is culture, and who can argue that the Bay Area has been getting richer and richer, and side effects of this are that the punk scenes and activists scenes also are getting richer, but none of these college kids want to think of themselves that way, so they own poorness as they marginalize poor people all around them. I find Eggplant's piece, problematic as it comes across as coming from working and poor cultural perspectives, old school saying-it-like-it-is style, and I'd say we need more of that, and less confusing college speak that only those 'in the know' understand. This piece is written with love and respect for Slingshot, Enola, Eggplant, Kermit, and all those trying to be trans allies, let's keep talking!

Slingshot collective will make the 2014 organizer this summer. Drop by or contact us to help. We are a tiny collective — even smaller in the summer with members traveling — so we're relying on the *Slingshot miracle* to make the organizer. That's when a variety of folks we've never met before show up during the two weekends we make the organizer to sit in our loft making art, listening to music, eating food and making decisions at meetings. Sound like fun? Join us.

In May and June, we'll edit, correct and improve the list of historical dates. Deadline for finishing: June 22. If you want to design a section of the calendar, let us know or send us random art by June 22. Deadline to finish calendar pages or give us suggestions for 2014 is July 27. We need all new radical contact listings and cover art submissions by July 27. If you have ideas for the short features we publish in the back, let us know by July 27. We try to print different features every year. If you're in the Bay Area July 27/28 or August 3/4, we'll put it all together by hand.



WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT -GRAND JURIES-

by X. lenc

Though there are a number of wonderful radical essays and pamphlets about the U.S. Grand Jury system floating around online, most of them are (justifiably) lengthy, full of inaccessible legal jargon, or buried in larger guides on fighting state repression. As a result, even as anarchists celebrate the exciting release of the Pacific Northwest Grand Jury Resisters, widespread confusion about what a grand jury *actually is* persists. What I'm presenting here is intended only as a cursory introduction to Grand Juries for anarchists who, like me, want to spend as little time as possible talking about the legal system.

The Basics:

The kind of jury that most people are familiar with is merely one of many varieties that a prosecutor (a lawyer responsible for presenting a case against people accused of crimes, or 'defendants') can choose to assemble, called a 'petit jury' or 'trial jury' – think *To Kill a Mockingbird*. The purpose is a familiar one: to decide whether or not someone who has been *indicted* (formally accused of a crime) is actually guilty, and if so, to determine the punishment. Scenarios in which a trial jury is assembled typically include a defendant who has been charged with a crime, a defense lawyer who represents them, the eponymous jury of twelve or fewer people who lawyers from both legal teams deem representative of the general population (naturally, they rarely represent much more than the lawyers'

jury. The 'exclusionary rule' in the fourth amendment holds that evidence collected in a manner that violates the constitution – by conducting an illegal search, for example – doesn't apply to grand juries. While trial jurors are expected to be screened for bias, grand jurors are not. Since grand juries last for eighteen months at a time, and can easily be extended for another six months, assembling one more or less amounts to an extended suspension of constitutional law in a region.

The original intention of this practice, which dates as far back as a 1166 promulgation from King Henry II of England, was allegedly to curb state power: the American Bar Association (an organization that sets academic standards for lawyers) states that it, "act[ed] as a buffer between the king (and his prosecutors) and the citizens," so a

radicals, threatening to force them to testify against their allies and loved ones to destroy bonds of trust and community, especially in urban areas rich with anarchist activity. Well-organized resistances to the tactic have emerged, however, and if efforts are successful the new popularity of using grand juries to harass radicals will wane.

Your Options:

I'm not your lawyer, so none of this should be interpreted as professional legal advice. If a cop, federal agent, or any other kind of jerk approaches you with a subpoena, you may treat them how you would in any other situation: don't give them any information beyond what is legally required in your state (this usually just means giving your name, but you should check your local laws to be sure). You are not legally required to let them

ahead of time, but many of the questions may be traps set up to catch you in the act of *perjury* (lying as a witness), so even seemingly innocuous answers like "I don't know" can get you thrown in prison down the line. The prosecutor will try and convince you that grand jury cooperation is your get-out-of-trouble-free card, but you have absolutely no reason to believe anything they say; you may still be charged with a felony when a new lawyer takes over their job, or you may be summoned for additional interrogation in the future because prosecutors have you pegged as a talker. Ultimately, it's entirely possible for a prosecutor to simply lie, locking up cooperators despite any prior promises.

Not everyone cooperates. Last November, one grand jury witness dealt with their summons by only giving the prosecutor their name and birth date. When given any other question, they simply responded with "I am exercising my state and federal constitutional rights including the 1st, 4th and 5th amendments," until the exasperated prosecutor gave up. They were held in solitary confinement in federal prison for several months before their release, but it's difficult to tell how many people (including themselves) they saved from long prison sentences.

Resisters may also be considering the irreparable social alienation their testimony would cause. It can't be emphasized enough: cooperating with the prosecution team puts their friends, their neighbors, their family, and even complete strangers at risk of being thrown in jail, *whether or not they have done anything illegal.* So even if you think a grand jury resister believes that they've somehow cooked up a foolproof plan to spill the beans and get out of trouble, they can't necessarily expect the people they love to be waiting for them when they get home, because whether or not they've "done the right thing" or behaved like "a good anarchist," they are likely to be considered untrustworthy and dangerous for the rest of their lives. Some cooperators have left

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Since the 'witnesses' hauled before a grand jury haven't been charged with a crime, prosecutors are able to elude the constitutional provisions that apply in criminal court. Whereas the sixth amendment of the constitution gives a defendant in a criminal trial the right to the presence of their lawyer not only during their trial, but also during police interrogation, a Grand Jury victim is prohibited from having a lawyer present during the prosecutor's interrogation. The 5th Amendment specifically ensures that nobody shall be compelled to be "a witness against himself"... *except* in front of a grand

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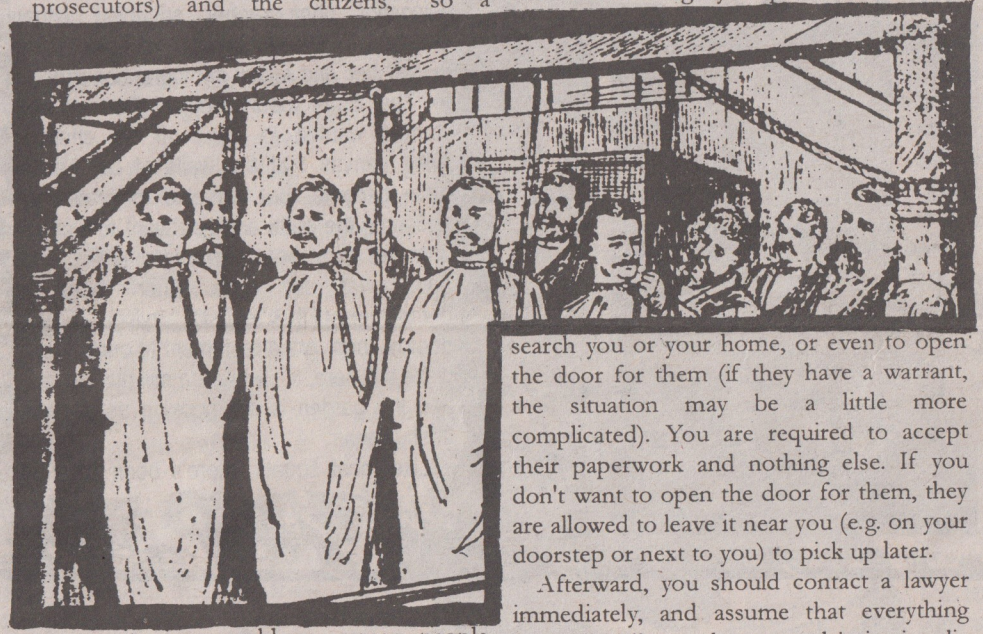

community jury could pre-screen people before a prosecutor charged any of them with a crime and brought them to trial. Even in colonial American courts, citizens could still submit allegations against other people that a grand jury would consider before deciding to prosecute. In practice, this often gave citizens some sway over powerful politicians: in one famous case, a grand jury refused to charge the anti-royalist newspaper publisher John Peter Zenger with a crime three times in a row, rebuffing the Royal Governor of New York's attempts to try him for libel, which I guess is kind of cool. Nowadays, however, only a prosecutor can bring a case to a grand jury.

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Afterward, you should contact a lawyer immediately, and assume that everything the cops tell you about grand juries is a lie until you confirm it with your new legal buddy. Warn your friends and family that a grand jury is in town: it is very possible that they will receive similar harassment soon. If you simply don't show up in court, you will likely be charged with *contempt of court* (disobeying court orders), appear before a trial jury, and possibly even serve some jail time, though it's possible that your court date will be postponed indefinitely. Either way, make sure to ask your lawyer about the possibility of requesting your judge to *quash* (nullify) your subpoena,.

If you do show up for your court date, you still have an important decision to

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Resisters may also be considering the irreparable social alienation their testimony would cause. It can't be emphasized enough: cooperating with the prosecution team puts their friends, their neighbors, their family, and even complete strangers at risk of being thrown in jail, *whether or not they have done anything illegal*. So even if you think a grand jury resister believes that they've somehow cooked up a foolproof plan to spill the beans and get out of trouble, they can't necessarily expect the people they love to be waiting for them when they get home, because whether or not they've "done the right thing" or behaved like "a good anarchist," they are likely to be considered untrustworthy and dangerous for the rest of their lives. Some cooperators have left town altogether because they no longer felt welcome there. This pattern of social ostracization of cooperators doesn't always end in tragedy, however: a judge recently released two Pacific Northwest grand jury resisters in part because he considered it unreasonable to imprison non-cooperators indefinitely when they would face serious social consequences for testifying.

It's clear, then, that there are major downsides to snitching beyond the obvious moral or political issues that are more commonly raised. But people considering noncooperation with Grand Juries shouldn't need to rely on super secret-agent anti-snitching stamina to be a member in a radical network: there are countless radical allies (and even a few liberal ones), including dedicated friends and strangers (and lawyers!) who will guide and support you through grand jury resistance if you choose to challenge the legitimacy of the twisted grand jury system. *These* are the people who deserve your trust, not the federal lawyers hunting for an easy snitch.

In the meantime, take the advice of some folks from the Oakland Commune in the

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The Reality:

Of course, anyone who has been arrested and charged with a crime knows that prosecutors and cops rarely care about jury bias or the constitutional rights that defendants are given (not even in goddamn *To Kill A Mockingbird*!), and any anarchist who has read the constitution knows that public juries and constitutional rights are a lousy substitute for smashing capitalism anyway. But it's easy to see how the ease with which grand juries avoid constitutional encumbrances would make them especially attractive tools for federal lawyers intent on making your life miserable.

Recently, federal grand juries have been established in the Pacific Northwest, Minnesota, and Santa Cruz, and given the Department of Justice's recent obsession with beleaguering anarchists, it's extremely likely that this legal tactic will continue to spring up in other famously radical regions such as the SF Bay Area or New Orleans. Law enforcement agencies and federal prosecutors use grand juries to intimidate the situation may be a little more complicated). You are required to accept their paperwork and nothing else. If you don't want to open the door for them, they are allowed to leave it near you (e.g. on your doorstep or next to you) to pick up later.

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If you do show up for your court date, you still have an important decision to make: will you cooperate with the prosecutor? You'll be hard pressed to find many American anarchists who think it's a good idea to do so under any circumstances and it's not hard to understand why: it puts everyone you know (and many people who you don't) at risk. You should expect that any answers that you give to a prosecutor's questions, even the seemingly benign or trivial ones ("*Do you know Jackie? Do you live alone? Have you ever gone downtown before?*"), will be twisted beyond anything you could have foreseen, instantly turning you into an unwitting snitch, even if you didn't intend to screw anyone over. You will have no idea what questions they will be asking you

RESOURCES &

"If An Agent Knocks..." is a classic and accessible guide to dealing with grand juries and assholes from the FBI. ccrjustice.org/ifanagentknocks

For true legal wonks, Susan Brenner and Lori Shaw of the University of Dayton created a bulky website dedicated to grand jury info. campus.udayton.edu/~grandjur/

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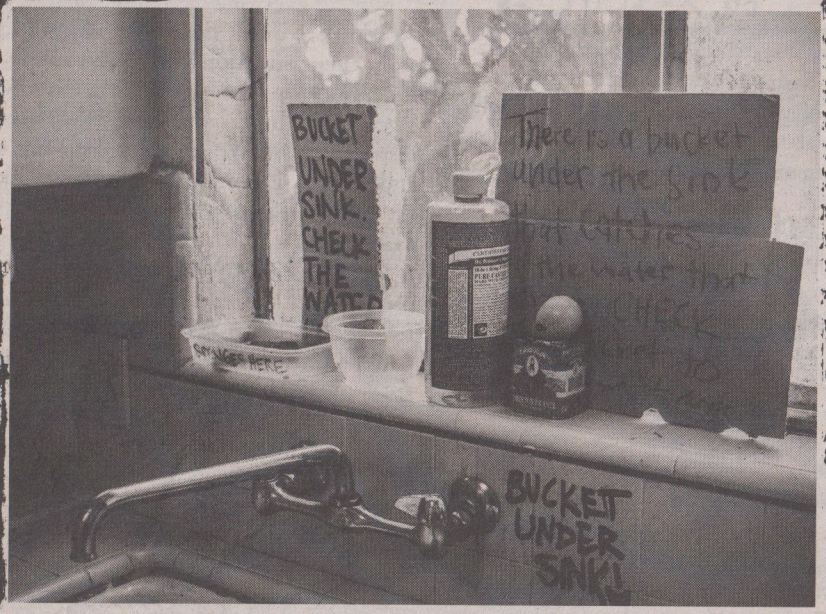
In the meantime, take the advice of some folks from the Oakland Commune in the article "Stay Calm: Tips to Keeping Safe in Times of State Repression": nurture healthy relationships in your personal community and deescalate whatever personal conflicts you have, as people are more likely to break down and snitch if they feel isolated, afraid, or contemptuous of their comrades. It will be easier to keep your wits about you in a time of crisis if you think of this an opportunity to build solidarity and strong social bonds in radical scenes often famous for fractious interpersonal drama and political infighting. You can start by reading some of the resources listed below and asking your friends / housemates / family / neighbors / coworkers / partners / etc how they feel about them. If we manage to get everyone on the same page, then when the Grand Slam comes, we'll be ready.

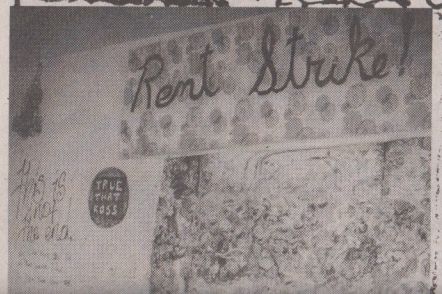
FUTURE READING

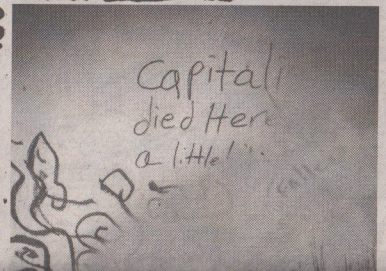
The absolutely wonderful Bay of Rage article mentioned above is available at bayofrage.com/featured-articles/stay-calm-some-tips-for-keeping-safe-in-times-of-state-repression/

Squat Life

Some Words + Pictures From Fava Bean Haus





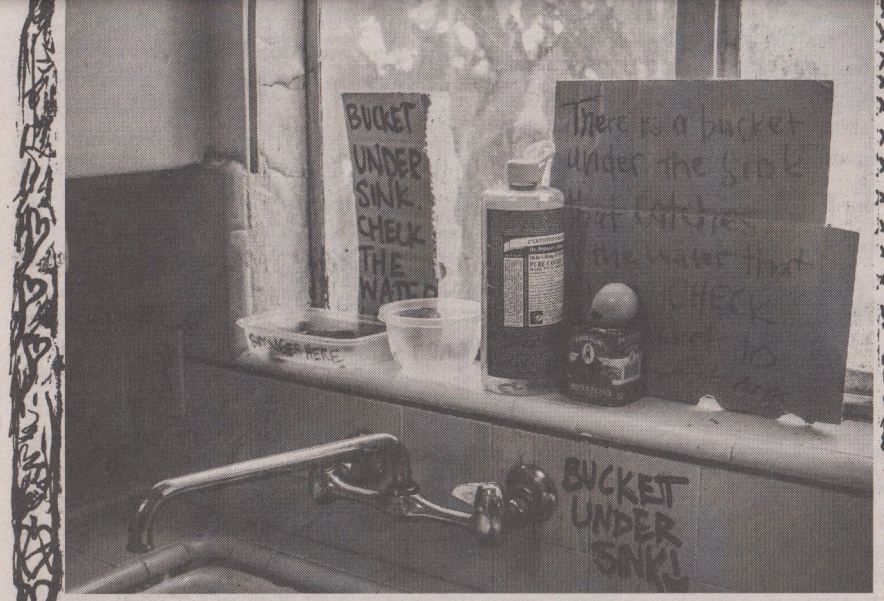


by Anonymous

When I first moved to Oakland a few years back, I picked up a Slingshot and read an article about the (now evicted) Hellarity House that piqued my interest in squatting, and started me down the road to becoming a squatter myself. So when I ran into a *Slingshot* photographer snapping squat pictures in West Oakland last month, I invited her and fellow photographer Brooke to The Fava Bean House. Part of me wanted wanted to show off the chaotic, living canvas that the walls of our house have become. But I'm also motivated by defiance: the suits and ties want to kick us onto the curb, board up our windows, and

turnover here. The Cops and The Suits turn the pressure up, and a lot of people make the choice to leave. Some days I reach a point of exhaustion, feeling unsupported. The bucket overflows on the kitchen floor, and I think, "Well, should I even clean it up if we're getting evicted tomorrow?" But when new people come, they bring fresh energy with them. I show people around for the first time and they're excited when they see the garden and the art, and take an interest in the history of the space. People start taking initiative, fixing things up, improving our infrastructure and those are the days that make all the uncertainty worth it.

Solidarity and complicity with all of the



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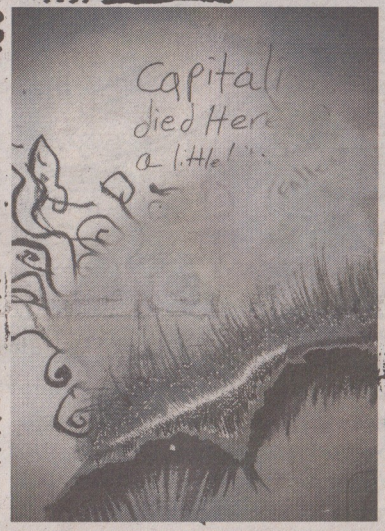
Like most squats, there's been a lot of turnover here. The Cops and The Suits turn the pressure up, and a lot of people make the choice to leave. Some days I reach a point of exhaustion, feeling unsupported. The bucket overflows on the kitchen floor, and I think, "Well, should I even clean it up if we're getting evicted tomorrow?" But when new people come, they bring fresh energy with them. I show people around for the first time and they're excited when they see the garden and the art, and take an interest in the history of the space. People start taking initiative, fixing things up, improving our infrastructure and those are the days that make all the uncertainty worth it.

Solidarity and complicity with all of the squats around the world facing repression right now! Lets keep it creative and uncontrollable.

The capitalists leave space empty and call it an asset... We'll call it an opportunity!



Photos by Brooke Porter

WHY IS THE UC BP eeing ON the PLANET?

By the Coalition Against Privatization

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In 2007, the University of California at Berkeley entered into a $500 million 10-year research contract with the oil behemoth British Petroleum. This agreement is called the EBI (Energy Biosciences Institute) contract. In approving the largest university privatization arrangement in history, UCB ignored the criticism of faculty, students and community members who raised issues about BP's horrendous safety record, the contract's narrow GMO-oriented energy focus, blatant conflicts of interest, and major threats posed to academic integrity and diversity. The privatization sell out is no surprise. For years, the UC has been making deals with multinational corporations, allowing BP, Monsanto, Novartis, Bechtel, and dozens of others to hijack public universities for private gain. The costs are being socialized, while the benefits are privatized.

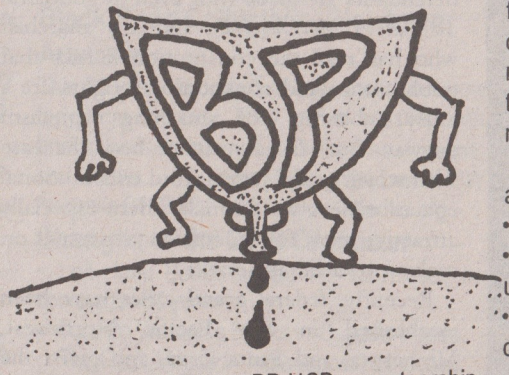
BP's $500 million dollar contract allowed BP to create its own private lab within a publically-funded building on campus, accessible only to BP employees. The contract means that BP gets to choose which biofuel research projects are funded, hence setting the UC's Energy Biosciences Institute's agenda. Worst of all: BP gets to keep its favorite 35% of biofuel patents created by UCB researchers. UC Berkeley, once the nation's leading research university, has been reduced to a mere mouthpiece for corporate interests.

An alarming example of this came just one month after the BP oil spill in 2010, when Terry Hazen, a UC Berkeley ecologist, announced that his team had discovered a new microorganism that was eating the spilled oil, and that the oil in the gulf "went away fairly rapidly after the well was capped." Because of his UCB credentials, Hazen's bullshit was published in the academic journal *Science*, and was subsequently spread by the mainstream media. Hazen's report failed to include that his research was funded by BP.

BP used phony "Save the Planet" banners as a Trojan horse to sneak into the university. It is insane to portray BP as a philanthropic champion of sustainable energy. Now that BP has bought their way into the heart of the public education system they are plundering its resources, corrupting its community, and disrupting real progress toward sustainability.

BP already had a well-documented history of human rights and environmental abuses before the contract was signed in 2007, but the 2010 oil-spill clearly demonstrated their willingness to take excessive risks, ignore safety measures, utilize highly toxic dispersing agents for "clean-up," lie in order to reduce fines and liability, and coerce media outlets and politicians into downplaying this horrible disaster. BP deserves the corporate death penalty, and it is insane to trust these criminals with the future of the university's sustainable energy research program. The BP-funded research agenda focuses on unsafe genetically modified organisms, while ignoring alternative biofuels such as hemp, which was strongly recommended for study by the California legislature in a 1999 resolution, yet no study has yet been undertaken.

The Occupy movement proved that people can fight back against corporate manipulation of education, the economy and the



environment. The BP-UCB partnership perfectly exemplifies how these threats become more dangerous when combined with public space, and thus serves as a natural focal point for activists who want to create wide-ranging change right now. It is time for a new movement at UC Berkeley and beyond — a movement where we put our words into action.

The BP-Berkeley deal was approved only because its advocates lied about the implications and intentions of the contract, and the public lacked enough information or time to effectively mobilize a defense against this destructive plan. Though the contract is more than halfway executed, it is not too late to retroactively nullify this agreement on the basis of its fraudulent nature.

We call on everyone who cares about the future of this planet to help expose the EBI contract as a corrupt greenwashing scam, retroactively reject its legitimacy, and ensure that this form of destructive privatization does not continue to occur.

The Coalition Against Privatization's goals are simple:

- Remove BP from the UCB campus
- Make all information generated at public universities free and open to the public
- Chase the corporate monsters off of our campus and universities everywhere

The public university could be a public resource, bringing brilliant minds together to solve the greatest problems of our time. It is time to reclaim the academy in the name of all life on this earth.

To support the @bpOffCampus movement, visit bpoffcampus.org.

!DLE No MoRE

People of all colors making a stand

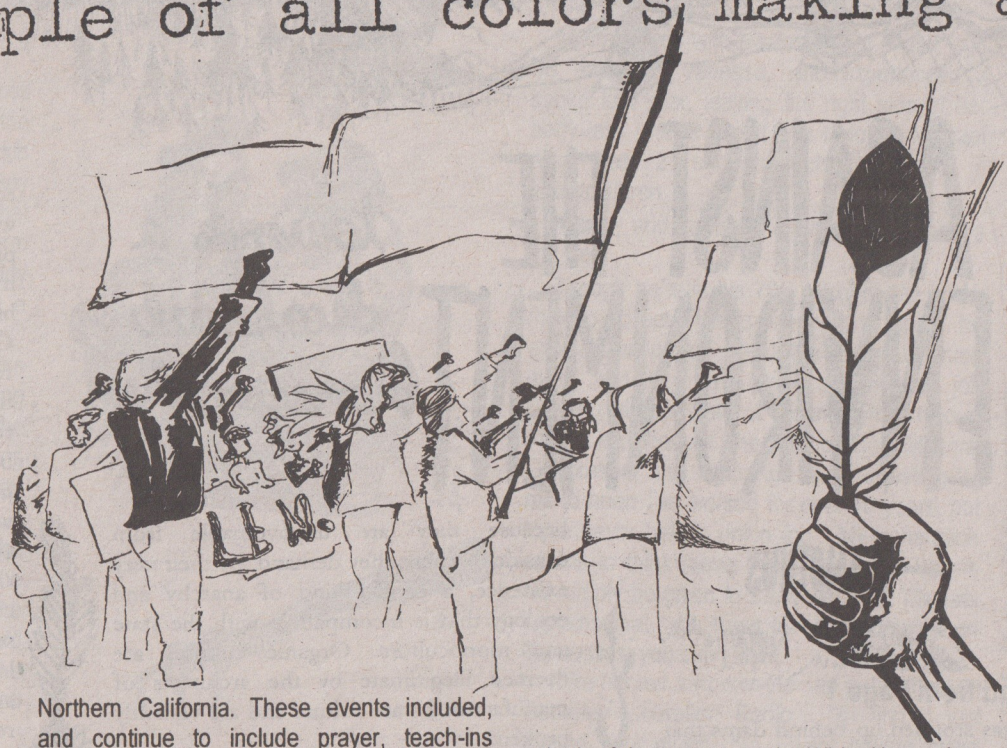
By Pennie Opal Plant

I grew up in Richmond, California, of Yaqui / Mexican / Choctaw / Cherokee / European descent and became an activist in my early 20s. I began as an anti-nuclear activist in the early 1980s. I later worked on uranium and plutonium issues, as well as Native American issues.

My husband and I, as well as other Bay Area Native American community members, had been involved a bit with Occupy in Oakland. When Idle No More (INM) started in Canada in November of last year, we became very excited. The First Nation's message regarding treaty violations and protecting the environment from governmental and corporate devastation resonated with us and with many others around the world. It was inspiring to see the Idle No More solidarity photos on social media from around the world from both indigenous and non-indigenous people.

There are so many issues that have affected us in Native America for hundreds of years that are now impacting U.S. and Canadian citizens. These issues include the theft of lands for corporate profits, environmental illnesses from the waste of the mining industry and other corporate environmental disasters, as well as the devastation of the land, water and air.

In December, 2012, there were local INM solidarity events beginning in the Bay Area and



Northern California. These events included, and continue to include prayer, teach-ins regarding the devastation of the environment, indigenous issues and round dances, which are dances of unity, friendship and peace. They have been conducted in city plazas, at the Capital building in Sacramento, in shopping malls and parks.

The Keystone XL pipeline was an issue that I had been active in resisting since 2011. I was at both of the protests at the White House that year. When Forward on Climate was being organized this year, I helped mobilize the INM solidarity community in the Bay Area to be there. We were also at the March 23 event at the Federal Building in San Francisco and at the Earth Day action in April. Not only were we welcomed at these events, we opened them in the Idle No More format of prayer, education and round dances. This welcoming of our community into the environmental activist community has been very validating, and reminds me of the prophesy of the "Rainbow Tribe" of people of all colors who w make a stand to ensure life on earth continues

There are many Native American and First Nations prophesies that are hundreds of years old that speak of the time we all find ourselves in today. Some tribes refer to this time as the "purification time". Most of humanity is only beginning to understand that there is a natural balance that must be maintained in order for life to thrive on Mother Earth

> *there is a natural balance that must be maintained in order for life to thrive on Mother Earth*

Many tribal nations refer to the "original instructions" that were given to them thousands of years ago on how to live in right relationship with all of relations who share life here.

The INM solidarity groups here in the Bay Area welcome all people of good hearts to participate with us as we move toward the future we all want. www.GatheringTribes.com

Stop Line 9!

SOLIDARITY WITH INDIGENOUS DAM BLOCKADE

had been involved a bit with Occupy in Oakland. When Idle No More (INM) started in Canada in November of last year, we became very excited. The First Nation's message regarding treaty violations and protecting the environment from governmental and corporate devastation resonated with us and with many others around the world. It was inspiring to see the Idle No More solidarity photos on social media from around the world from both indigenous and non-indigenous people.

There are so many issues that have affected us in Native America for hundreds of years that are now impacting U.S. and Canadian citizens. These issues include the theft of lands for corporate profits, environmental illnesses from the waste of the mining industry and other corporate environmental disasters, as well as the devastation of the land, water and air.

In December, 2012, there were local INM solidarity events beginning in the Bay Area and

Northern California. These events included, and continue to include prayer, teach-ins regarding the devastation of the environment, indigenous issues and round dances, which are dances of unity, friendship and peace. They have been conducted in city plazas, at the Capital building in Sacramento, in shopping malls and parks.

The Keystone XL pipeline was an issue that I had been active in resisting since 2011. I was at both of the protests at the White House that year. When Forward on Climate was being organized this year, I helped mobilize the INM solidarity community in the Bay Area to be there. We were also at the March 23 event at the Federal Building in San Francisco and at the Earth Day action in April. Not only were we welcomed at these events, we opened

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"purification time". Most of humanity is only beginning to understand that there is a natural balance that must be maintained in order for life to thrive on Mother Earth

Many tribal nations refer to the "original instructions" that were given to them thousands of years ago on how to live in right relationship with all of relations who share life here.

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Stop Line 9!!

By Aaron Paul

Many Americans know about the Keystone XL pipeline designed to connect the vast tar sand oil resources of Alberta, Canada with Texas refineries. Much has been made of the environmental devastation that will follow as the snake-like pipes wind their way through the American countryside destroying whatever ecosystems lie in their path. Beyond local leakage concerns is the reality that opening up 'unconventional' oil sources will accelerate global warming since oil from tar sands generates more emissions per unit of energy than traditionally produced oil. What is perhaps less well known, in the US, is the already-in construction alternative to the Keystone XL pipeline that could have similar dire consequences for Eastern Canada and beyond.

The alternative pipeline is known as Line 9, and is designed to move oil between Sarnia, Ontario and Montreal, Quebec with the ultimate goal of sending this 'black death' from above ground ecosystems. According to a 2012 National Resources Defense Council report, diluted bitumen contains "benzene, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons, n-hexane, toxins, vanadium, nickel, arsenic, and other heavy metals in significantly larger quantities than occur in conventional crude." All of these substances have the potential for cumulative long term effects for both humans and wildlife. The proposed Line 9 crosses three major rivers leading to Lake Ontario — a major source of drinking water for the city of Toronto and neighboring communities.

Given that Canadian and American activists are dealing with same issues with Keystone and Line 9, we must work not as separate groups operating in parallel, but rather as huge masses of people organizing as one entity with the same goal: Stop the tar sands. Companies like Enbridge, the massive corporation based in Calgary, Alberta that is behind these plans, will not stop just because people stand up in one part of the continent and say, "Not in my backyard." Enbridge and the oil lobby as a whole have no regard for the effects of their

SOLIDARITY WITH INDIGENOUS DAM BLOCKADE

By Weedshot

The indigenous communities of Rio Blanco, Honduras blocked the main access road leading to the proposed Agua Zarca hydroelectric dam on April 1 to stop construction of the dam. On the 2nd of April, they issued an ultimatum to the company, demanding the immediate removal of construction equipment & permanent removal of the project.

The communities of Rio Blanco, whom hold a community title to the territory, were not adequately consulted nor allowed to participate

has been greatly accelerated after the 2009 coup which has since opened the flood gates to transnational and neo-liberal exploitation of natural resources. Since 2009, there have been around 360 newly accepted development concessions in Honduras, 30% of which are on indigenous lands. Within this neo-liberal framework, dam projects serve a dual purpose. SIEPAC (Central American Electrical Interconnection System) part of the Mesoamerica Project (previously called Plan Pueblo-Panama) will connect the electrical grids of all Mesoamerica allowing cheap energy to be transported to the energy hungry USA. In addition, dams are necessary to redirect the enormous quantity of water needed for mining operations. For these reasons, resistance to the Agua Zarca hydroelectric dam and dam projects in general is extremely important because the dam will open the door to exponentially worse environmental degradation and destruction of indigenous cultures.

The danger to the communities of Rio

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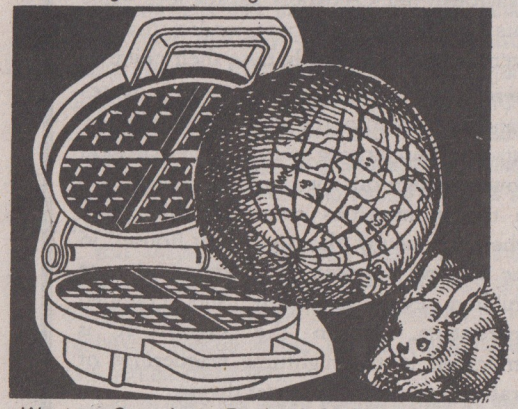

Western Canada to Portland, Maine, where it can then be distributed globally. As activists, the key to developing a strategy of how to counter this on-going disaster is to understand that fighting against the building of Keystone XL or Line 9 in isolation is simply not enough.

In Toronto, Ontario, activists have been protesting the construction for months, realizing, as their American counterparts have, that these pipelines will be disastrous. The diluted bitumen tar sand oil that will move through the pipeline is the raw form of petroleum which some have referred to as "super-hot sandpaper." It can lead to more brittle pipelines, and in turn increase the likelihood of spills. These spills threaten entire 2012 National Resources Defense Council report, diluted bitumen contains "benzene, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons, n-hexane, toxins, vanadium, nickel, arsenic, and other heavy metals in significantly larger quantities than occur in conventional crude." All of these substances have the potential for cumulative long term effects for both humans and wildlife. The proposed Line 9 crosses three major rivers leading to Lake Ontario — a major source of drinking water for the city of Toronto and neighboring communities.

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Of course, this kind of unity has been historically difficult in activist circles. Different parts of North America have unique pasts and heritages, and thus, will choose to wage this struggle in disparate ways. Be that as it may, everyone's fight should be essentially the same, and it seems that tactics have become less important than being clear about the message. We can collectively examine how all energy is produced in our communities by questioning the way in which we interact with the environment. This must not only address our species' narrow concerns, but the future of all living things.

If the Obama administration denies the permit for the Keystone XL pipeline, this could buoy the spirits of anti-tar sands activists, but as American environmentalist Bill McKibben clarifies, "Blocking one pipeline was never going to stop Global Warming." Nonetheless, the halting of the Tar Sands project as a whole retains the chance to be a real example of people's collective power.

This article is heavily indebted to stopline9-toronto.ca.

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in the process leading to this project. Only the mayor of the municipality, and a few well compensated individuals, ratified the project. The right of indigenous peoples to determine their own process of development is guarantied by UN convention 169. The construction and completion of this dam will cause widespread environmental destruction, flooding inhabited and utilized areas, restricting the access of water to many thousands of people in Rio Blanco and down stream, cause the degradation of pristine natural areas, produce huge quantities of greenhouse gasses through the decomposition of submerged biomass, in addition to water and land contamination caused by the construction. Simply put, this dam is a death sentence to the indigenous communities that have lived here for generations.

This type of so-called "green development" has been greatly accelerated after the 2009 coup which has since opened the flood gates to transnational and neo-liberal exploitation of natural resources. Since 2009, there have been around 360 newly accepted development concessions in Honduras, 30% of which are on indigenous lands. Within this neo-liberal framework, dam projects serve a dual purpose. SIEPAC (Central American Electrical Interconnection System) part of the Mesoamerica Project (previously called Plan Pueblo-Panama) will connect the electrical grids of all Mesoamerica allowing cheap energy to be transported to the energy hungry USA. In addition, dams are necessary to redirect the enormous quantity of water needed for mining operations. For these reasons, resistance to the Agua Zarca hydroelectric dam and dam projects in general is extremely important because the dam will open the door to exponentially worse environmental degradation and destruction of indigenous cultures.

The danger to the communities of Rio Blanco for participating in this action cannot be understated. For example, the land reclamation action 3 years ago in Bajo Aguan has seen the murder of over 100 participants and counting. There has been an influx of heavily armed men in the area, and violent threats against participants have been consistent.

On April 12, 40 heavily armed National Police evicted the blockade but it was reestablished the next day. On April 19, 50 community members hiked to the construction site and peacefully forced workers and equipment to leave. Earth-movers had already caused heart breaking devastation to the river valley. The blockade and protests are on-going as *Slingshot* goes to press.

International solidarity plays an extremely important role in defending the human rights of those in defense of mother earth and indigenous culture. In addition to any form of solidarity action imaginable, the communities of Rio Blanco are asking for people to contact Honduran and corporate officials who are building and financing the dam. For more info contact www.copinh.org.

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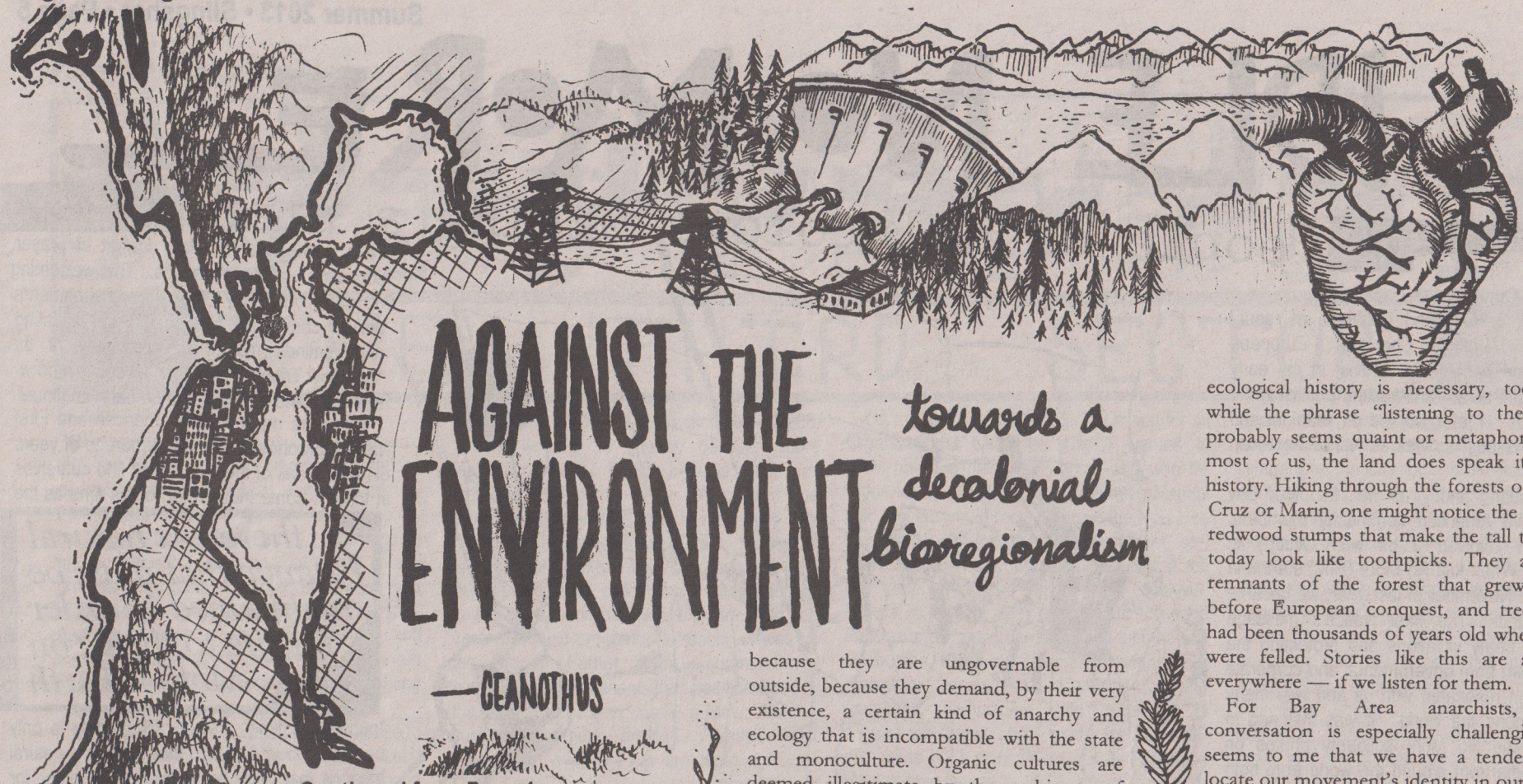


AGAINST THE ENVIRONMENT

towards a decolonial bioregionalism

—CEANOTHUS

Continued from Page 1

inside us was stopped up behind dams that interrupt migrating fish, forming reservoirs that inundate valleys once inhabited by indigenous peoples and grizzly bears and wolves and countless other species. The water within us was then pumped in concrete channels across lands smothered by industrial agriculture and into underground pipes, and filtered and sterilized in massive treatment plants before hissing out of the kitchen sink, without a murmur to inform us of its journey.

Acknowledging this whole story is to acknowledge that our bodies are made not only of ice crystals, alpine meadows, and muddy life, but also of industry, fences, and sterility. We are made of the system that

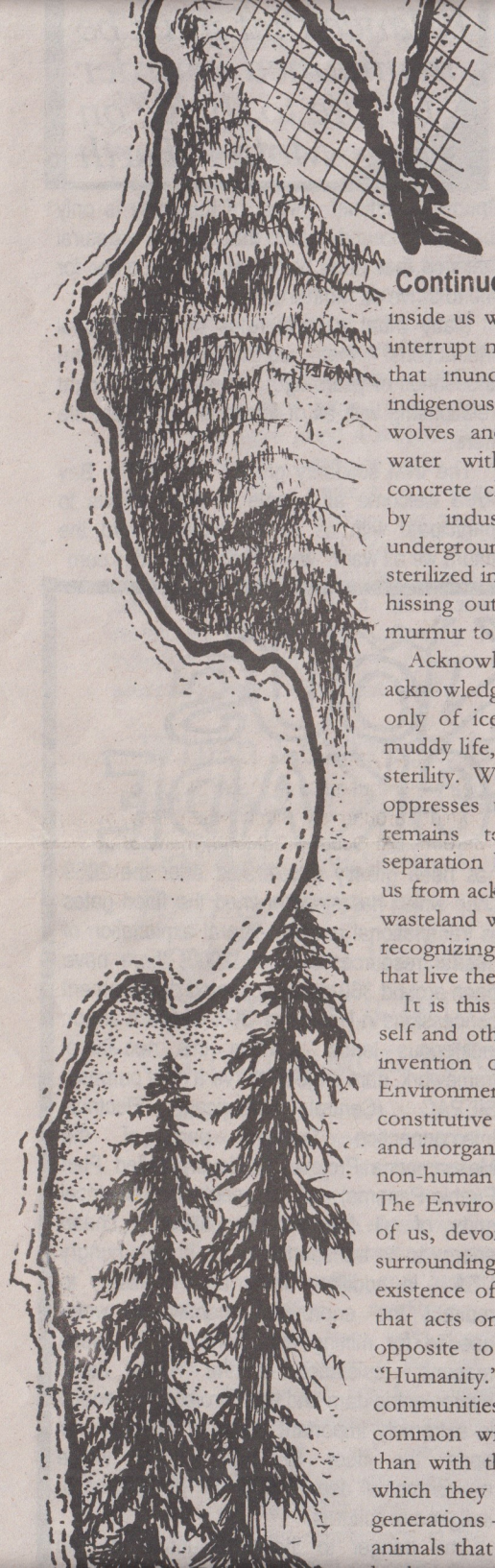
because they are ungovernable from outside, because they demand, by their very existence, a certain kind of anarchy and ecology that is incompatible with the state and monoculture. Organic cultures are deemed illegitimate by the architects of manufactured state culture and are violently broken.

As these relationships that constitute human beings, human communities, and ecological systems are fragmented, languages and cosmologies are lost, along with species of life and entire ecosystems. This loss of specificity constitutes a loss of memory and cognition. Human and ecological communities process and store information in tendencies and physical forms. These patterns are the result and expression of a playful process of evolution — dabbling in chaos and experimenting with possibilities for life, then keeping what works within a changing context; learning and remembering. When these relationships

ecological history is necessary, too, and while the phrase "listening to the land" probably seems quaint or metaphorical to most of us, the land does speak its own history. Hiking through the forests of Santa Cruz or Marin, one might notice the ancient redwood stumps that make the tall trees of today look like toothpicks. They are the remnants of the forest that grew there before European conquest, and trees that had been thousands of years old when they were felled. Stories like this are audible everywhere — if we listen for them.

For Bay Area anarchists, this conversation is especially challenging. It seems to me that we have a tendency to locate our movement's identity in our status as internationally allied cultural outcasts, rather than working to re-constitute our movements as inclusive and situated. When standing against a system of exploitation that is global in scale, opposition ought to be global. However, I believe that only by creating strong local alternatives to capitalism and capitalist culture will we have the strength and resilience to challenge the monoculture of Empire.

As part of this process, I think that radical organization in the Bay needs to expand from its urban focus and build networks with rural communities regionally. Just outside the city, suburbs devour the land, small farmers are foreclosed on, species vanish, and the radical right rises. Counteracting this means posing new



ENVIRONMENT

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Acknowledging this whole story is to acknowledge that our bodies are made not only of ice crystals, alpine meadows, and muddy life, but also of industry, fences, and sterility. We are made of the system that oppresses us, along with the vitality that remains to oppose it. The imagined separation between self and other protects us from acknowledging the presence of this wasteland within us, while keeping us from recognizing the meadows and wildflowers that live there, too.

It is this same dichotomization between self and other that undergirds the insidious invention of the "Environment." In the Environment, ecology — a web of mutually constitutive relationships between organic and inorganic phenomena, both human and non-human — becomes safely ghettoized. The Environment, by definition, is outside of us, devoid of humanness, an inanimate surrounding object that presupposes the existence of a homogenous human subject that acts on it. This subject is the binary opposite to "Environment" and is called "Humanity." In Humanity, all human communities are framed as having more in common with an abstract human totality than with the non-humans and land with which they may have lived for countless generations — separate from the plants and animals that grant them food and from the

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As part of this process, I think that radical organization in the Bay needs to expand from its urban focus and build networks with rural communities regionally. Just outside the city, suburbs devour the land, small farmers are foreclosed on, species vanish, and the radical right rises. Counteracting this means posing new visions and praxis in this region that include avenues of participation for people outside our milieu.

Coming together to articulate our own locally situated histories amongst deeply differing experiences and complex relationships with power will be, and already is, a long and difficult road with no distinct endpoint. This conversation also necessarily includes material shifts in structures of power. This means collectively fighting to reclaim space and relationships — physically, cognitively, culturally, discursively, and economically — then inhabiting and defending them. It means cultivating and preserving collective particularities and keeping the capitalist market out. It means seeing the land's struggle for autonomy as interlinked with and, ultimately, inseparable from the struggles of human communities for self-determination.

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Framed as a static landscape, the Environment can be fragmented without being negated. In this way, certain lands can be defined as legitimately "natural," while others are deemed violable; parklands are fenced off and made into museums, while just beyond the fence other lands are torn open in search of minerals or plowed under for industrial agriculture. Like Environment, Humanity — framed as a unified subject — can uproot cultures without negating them. Like parklands, a select few human cultures are designated as legitimate, while others are suppressed. Removed from context in living communities and the land, dominant cultures are sterilized and taught in state schools and media, while just outside their borders, a war is constantly raging against organic cultures that are vivified by the land and human communities themselves. These cultures are feared because they are living,

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Overcoming disorientation and psychosis means rebuilding unmediated relationships between us as humans, and between our human communities and the land, breaking the binary of Environment and Humanity. It means seeing human and non-human struggles for autonomy as parallel and interlinked and working together to assert our collective ambition for self-determination locally. Eventually, it means disabling capital's urge for simplification and control and allowing the complexity and autonomy of ecology to flourish once again, both in our human communities and in our broader communities of land and place.

A critical step in this direction is the process of sharing local histories told from a diversity of perspectives. Voices of the descendants of this land's indigenous peoples must be given special heed in this conversation, but the appropriation of indigenous cultures must be understood as counter-productive. The goal, I think, ought to be the creation of something new, beginning here and now. Learning

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Moments of ecological rebellion are everywhere, even in the city. Weeds vivaciously fill Oakland's vacant lots while bats and swallows roost under freeway overpasses and defiantly raise their children there. By night, raccoons and coyotes wander deep into the city, battling house cats and burglarizing homes. This rebellion flows through our own human experiences: in the spontaneous commons that ignite when we occupy plazas or squat houses, in the way we support our friends and raise children even in grimy and cramped apartments, or on the streets. It is embodied in the nighttime wanderings of graffiti artists and dumpster divers.

Maintaining the order of generality and monoculture is a constant policing effort against the spontaneous anarchic desire of ecology. Yet every breach of the dominant order of the metropolis, every solidarity and organic specificity of place we assert signifies a possibility for some world that evades this matrix of control. The conversation of these moments together begins to articulate a common particularity to our place and lives from which we might write our own stories and create our own praxis together, against monoculture, and for our collective — but particular — socio-ecological and bioregional liberation.

Pint Sized Subversive

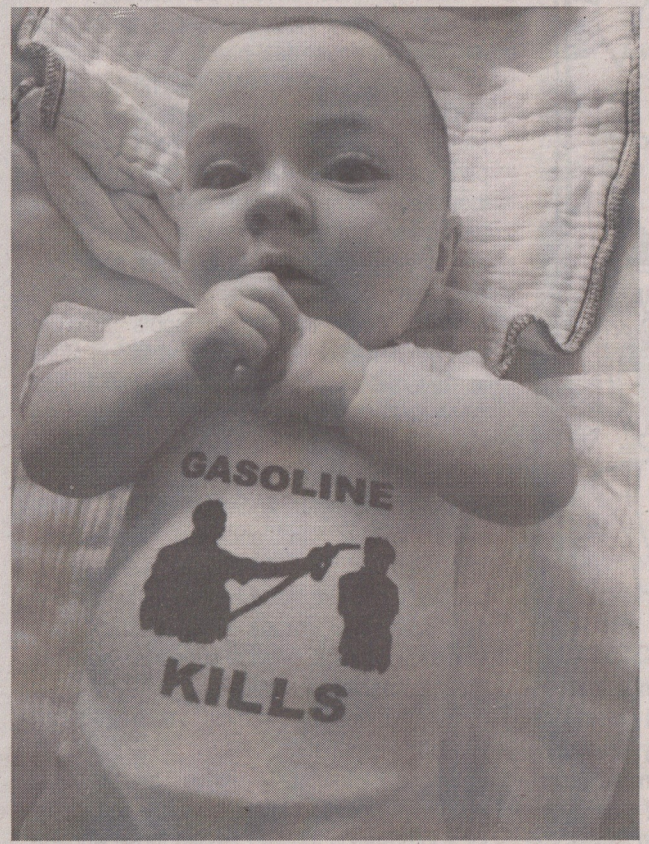
By Jesse D. Palmer

I became a father last summer when my daughter Fern was born. As little as she is, Fern is already an amazing teacher. The most precious things I'm learning aren't about babies or being a parent, but about what it means to be human and what is important about life. While I'm still too new a parent to feel qualified to write much and this is a little disorganized, here are my initial impressions.

The best part of spending time with Fern is watching her joyfully unrestrained face when she hears music, sees my face, or looks up in the sky. Seeing the happy and loving way Fern relates to the people and animals around us underscores how the world we live in as adults — organized around stress, ownership, competition, scarcity, consumerism and shame — is imposed on us by cultural, political and economic systems. These qualities aren't natural or inherent to humans as animals — we're born way better than the world we grow up in and eventually inhabit. Radicals and the counter-culture are struggling to defeat these oppressive systems and create new structures aimed at supporting the underlying humanity I see in Fern, that prioritize the search for pleasure, engagement and love. Spending time with Fern makes it easier to imagine a future where we'll all be more present and full of wonder and joy.

Another striking thing is the way people treat you when you walk around carrying a cute infant. From the grizzled hardware store workers, to the homeless guy spare changing, to people in line at the grocery store — people's faces light up with happiness when they see Fern. Absolute strangers who would normally scowl or ignore me walk right up and want to talk. They are kind and even loving by without one. Because she is still too little to go on a bicycle, I've mostly been walking for the last 9 months. Moving slowly on foot gives me a lot of time to notice the world around me, what's going on with Fern, and what's going on with myself.

But moving slowly so you have time to notice things is increasingly rare these days. The capitalist / industrial machine is constantly speeding everything up and overwhelming all



see all the plastic bullshit that suddenly seems necessary to raise a baby in a modern industrial context.

A question from the moment Fern was born is how my participation in radical projects is going to shift now that I'm a parent. It has been a huge struggle because the radical scene eats so much time, while Fern needs *someone* with her round the clock. When it's my turn, Fern takes all my attention so I can't multi-task and get a little *Slingshot* work done on the side. My single parent friends have to cram what's left of their own lives into naps and after bedtime, when they probably need to sleep themselves. With 2 parents, you can switch off childcare, but that creates it s own problems.

A big reason I've been able to maintain my involvement with *Slingshot* as much as I have is because Kristi has done more than her share of childcare. This has freed me to stay more involved than I would have otherwise, although I'm still far more pressed for time than I was pre-parenthood. This gender-division feels patriarchal, out-dated and embarrassing. I didn't think we would fall into these roles and I don't like it. Part of it results from breastfeeding, which makes equal distribution of childcare

radical projects to be part of the struggle to destroy capitalism and build a new world out of its ashes for myself, the natural world, and other people. Fern makes me even more committed. When we're walking and I see the road crowded with cars thoughtlessly spewing carbon, I feel pissed off wondering if she'll get to enjoy the forests I've loved. And parenting is isolating — maintaining involvement in radical projects is one of the few times I get out these days.

And yet I feel less patient with the inefficiency and frustration that accompanies radical projects. I've tried to figure out ways to dial back my involvement, pass tasks to others in the groups I'm in, and concentrate on maintaining my favorite projects so I can spend more time with Fern, but it has been tough to balance. I'm constantly feeling torn so that no matter what I decide to do, it feels like the wrong thing. When I spend a whole day working on *Slingshot*, I miss Fern and feel bad that my partner has to do all the work. But

when I decide to step back from radical work, I feel like I'm giving up who I am and folding just because I'm a parent.

I hope someday Fern will be able to participate in some of these projects or at least play in the corner while they are happening so it won't feel like it is such a choice between being with her and being engaged with radical projects.

Most radical projects I've been part of have very few parents in them, and numerous people who used to work on *Slingshot* stopped

I became a father last summer when my daughter Fern was born. As little as she is, Fern is already an amazing teacher. The most precious things I'm learning aren't about babies or being a parent, but about what it means to be human and what is important about life. While I'm still too new a parent to feel qualified to write much and this is a little disorganized, here are my initial impressions.

The best part of spending time with Fern is watching her joyfully unrestrained face when she hears music, sees my face, or looks up in the sky. Seeing the happy and loving way Fern relates to the people and animals around us underscores how the world we live in as adults — organized around stress, ownership, competition, scarcity, consumerism and shame — is imposed on us by cultural, political and economic systems. These qualities aren't natural or inherent to humans as animals — we're born way better than the world we grow up in and eventually inhabit. Radicals and the counter-culture are struggling to defeat these oppressive systems and create new structures aimed at supporting the underlying humanity I see in Fern, that prioritize the search for pleasure, engagement and love. Spending time with Fern makes it easier to imagine a future where we'll all be more present and full of wonder and joy.

Another striking thing is the way people treat you when you walk around carrying a cute infant. From the grizzled hardware store workers, to the homeless guy spare changing, to people in line at the grocery store — people's faces light up with happiness when they see Fern. Absolute strangers who would normally scowl or ignore me walk right up and want to talk. They are kind and even loving.

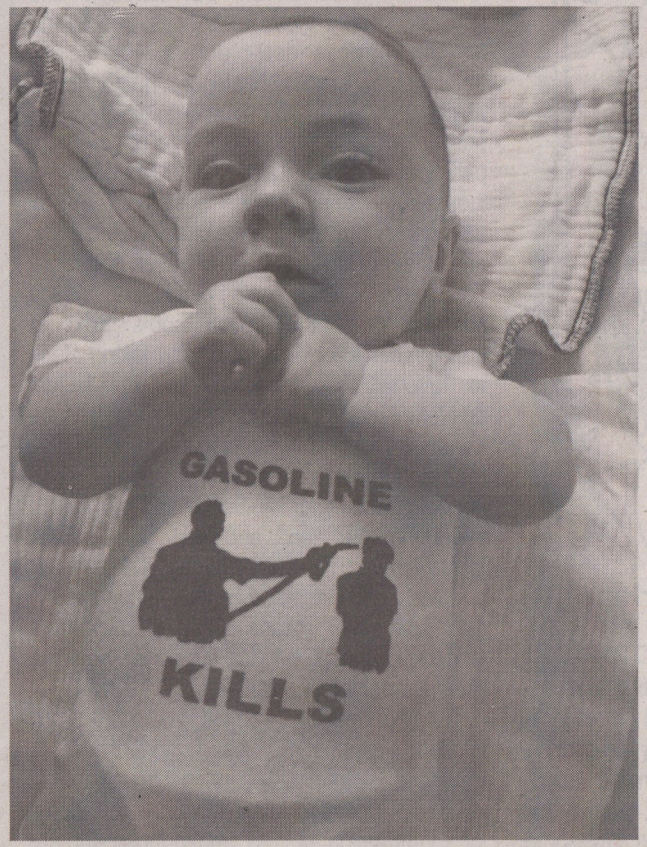
I keep thinking, "why can't strangers on the street treat each other like this all the time?" Spending time with Fern offers a window into the kind of world I want to help build — a world organized around human interaction, caring and community — not the mainstream world which is so ground down by corporations and the state with all their inequality, violence and misery that people avoid each other.

Watching how hard my partner Kristi works nursing Fern is humbling. Soon after Fern arrived, I started seeing all the adults I met in a

When the modern world makes so

go on a bicycle, I've mostly been walking for the last 9 months. Moving slowly on foot gives me a lot of time to notice the world around me, what's going on with Fern, and what's going on with myself.

But moving slowly so you have time to notice things is increasingly rare these days. The capitalist / industrial machine is constantly speeding everything up and overwhelming all



of us with sensory overload. As assembly lines and computers move faster and faster, the speed and inattention bleeds over to everything about how we live our lives

Fast transportation is symbolic of this shift, but also propels it. Raising Fern without a car makes life slower and more complex. We've redefined both what is possible and what is desirable. When the modern world makes so many things possible, it is up to us to figure out whether we want all that speed and power, or whether those kinds of freedoms are really cages.

Caring for a baby means a lot more hanging around than I'm used to and not being able to

necessary to raise a baby in a modern industrial context.

A question from the moment Fern was born is how my participation in radical projects is going to shift now that I'm a parent. It has been a huge struggle because the radical scene eats so much time, while Fern needs *someone* with her round the clock. When it's my turn, Fern takes all my attention so I can't multi-task and get a little *Slingshot* work done on the side. My single parent friends have to cram what's left of their own lives into naps and after bedtime, when they probably need to sleep themselves. With 2 parents, you can switch off childcare, but that creates it s own problems.

A big reason I've been able to maintain my involvement with *Slingshot* as much as I have is because Kristi has done more than her share of childcare. This has freed me to stay more involved than I would have otherwise, although I'm still far more pressed for time than I was pre-parenthood. This gender-division feels patriarchal, out-dated and embarrassing. I didn't think we would fall into these roles and I don't like it. Part of it results from breastfeeding, which makes equal distribution of childcare difficult no matter how much two parents might want more equality. We hope this will change as Fern gets older. But beyond that, it is amazing how strong our patriarchal socialization is because each of us seems to *desire* different amounts of time with Fern, that just so happens to mirror traditional roles.

Kristi has a very hard time letting me or anyone else take care of Fern, which is apparently pretty common for new moms. I want to spend time with Fern, but I don't want to be with her as much as Kristi does.

While we were making this *Slingshot*, I was sitting in a meeting that was dragging on too long and I suddenly realized how much I

its ashes for myself, the natural world, and other people. Fern makes me even more committed. When we're walking and I see the road crowded with cars thoughtlessly spewing carbon, I feel pissed off wondering if she'll get to enjoy the forests I've loved. And parenting is isolating — maintaining involvement in radical projects is one of the few times I get out these days.

And yet I feel less patient with the inefficiency and frustration that accompanies radical projects. I've tried to figure out ways to dial back my involvement, pass tasks to others in the groups I'm in, and concentrate on maintaining my favorite projects so I can spend more time with Fern, but it has been tough to balance. I'm constantly feeling torn so that no matter what I decide to do, it feels like the wrong thing. When I spend a whole day working on *Slingshot*, I miss Fern and feel bad that my partner has to do all the work. But

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I hope someday Fern will be able to participate in some of these projects or at least play in the corner while they are happening so it won't feel like it is such a choice between being with her and being engaged with radical projects.

Most radical projects I've been part of have very few parents in them, and numerous people who used to work on *Slingshot* stopped coming around so much when they became parents. At Occupy Oakland, many of us were proud that there was a Kids' Village, but if you hung around you realized that most of the parents were concentrated there, not distributed evenly in the other committees. Many parents have written critiques of how radical groups make participation by parents difficult, and sometimes parents set up childcare or other structures to try to improve the situation. This is important work.

Despite all of this, I love Fern and I feel happier than I've ever felt before having her in my life. Getting to hold such a strong emotion day in and day out is intense and transformative. I can't tell yet how this may

Spending time with Fern offers a window into the kind of world I want to help build — a world organized around human interaction, caring and community — not the mainstream world which is so ground down by corporations and the state with all their inequality, violence and misery that people avoid each other.

Watching how hard my partner Kristi works nursing Fern is humbling. Soon after Fern arrived, I started seeing all the adults I met in a different light — imagining each of us as a tiny baby being nurtured day and night by *someone*. Realizing how much energy and love went into each one of us, I started having floods of compassion for other people — complete strangers. Without trying to repeat a cliché, Fern helps me see everyone around me as valuable members of a huge family.

When the modern world makes so many things possible, it is up to us to figure out whether we want all that speed and power, or whether those kinds of freedoms are really cages.

So far we've raised Fern without a car because we live in an area where we can get speed and inattention bleeds over to everything about how we live our lives

Fast transportation is symbolic of this shift, but also propels it. Raising Fern without a car makes life slower and more complex. We've redefined both what is possible and what is desirable. When the modern world makes so many things possible, it is up to us to figure out whether we want all that speed and power, or whether those kinds of freedoms are really cages.

Caring for a baby means a lot more hanging around than I'm used to and not being able to get as much done as I could without a kid, or having to get it done more slowly because I only have one hand free. Because of how I was raised, I've always felt a constant internal psychological pressure to be productive. By contrast, Fern is just about being. She doesn't feel that she has to justify her right to exist. She just gradually grows up. Spending time with Fern helps me kill the boss in my head and realize that I'm no different from her, or the cat, or a rock floating in space. We all exist and are legitimate because we exist. None of us have to prove anything to anyone.

At the same time, mainstream society sees babies not as tiny subversives bringing anti-capitalist inspiration to their parents, but as a huge market for consumerism. It is amazing to as Fern gets older. But beyond that, it is amazing how strong our patriarchal socialization is because each of us seems to *desire* different amounts of time with Fern, that just so happens to mirror traditional roles.

Kristi has a very hard time letting me or anyone else take care of Fern, which is apparently pretty common for new moms. I want to spend time with Fern, but I don't want to be with her as much as Kristi does.

While we were making this *Slingshot*, I was sitting in a meeting that was dragging on too long and I suddenly realized how much I missed Fern. I've found that my emotional energy in radical contexts has shifted. On the one hand, I fiercely want to stay active in hung around you realized that most of the parents were concentrated there, not distributed evenly in the other committees. Many parents have written critiques of how radical groups make participation by parents difficult, and sometimes parents set up childcare or other structures to try to improve the situation. This is important work.

Despite all of this, I love Fern and I feel happier than I've ever felt before having her in my life. Getting to hold such a strong emotion day in and day out is intense and transformative. I can't tell yet how this may inform my activism, my writing, or the way I live my life but I'm trying to observe and learn while enjoying it.

take the survey

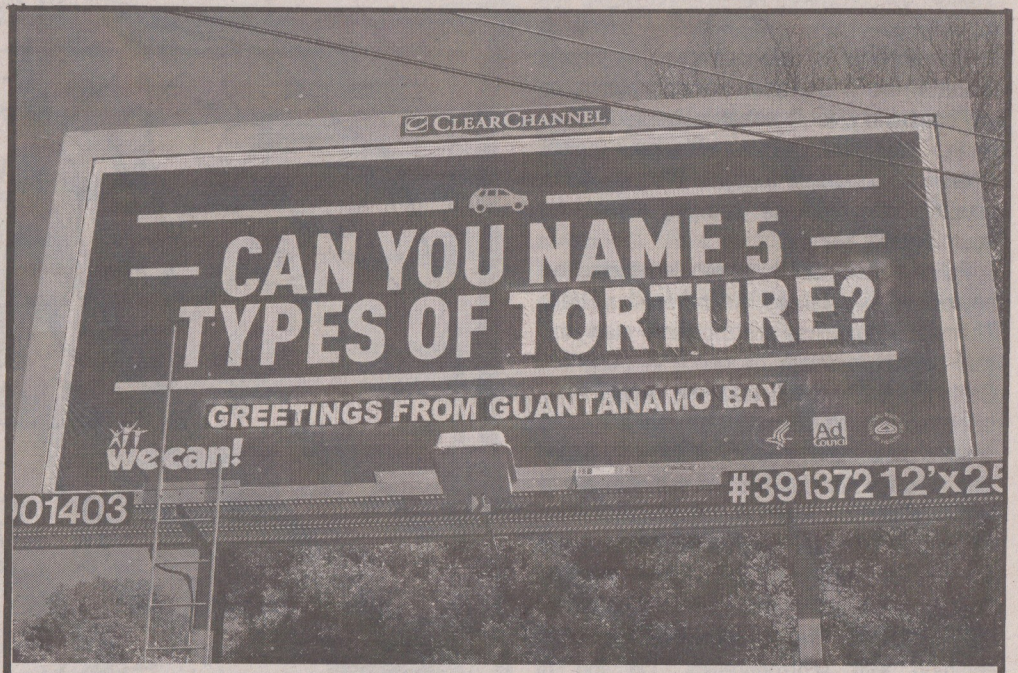
KID INCLUSION

Are you involved in radical politics? Are there children in your life? Do you have concerns about bringing your children to radical organizing spaces, seminars, meetings, or protests or suggestions on how to improve their access and enjoyment?

The Oakland Bread and Roses Collective's Children and Families Working Group is looking into these issues. We would like to hear from anyone with children in their lives and are active in radical and anarchist organizing about what you would like to see to make our spaces and actions more child and family friendly and accessible.

We have a survey on Survey Monkey, a brief ten questions, that we hope you will fill out so we can gather information to implement future projects aimed at better inclusion of families and children. Five of these questions are for you, and five are for the children in your lives.

You do not have to be a member of Bread and Roses to take this survey, nor do you need to be active in Oakland, CA. Please take the survey here: surveymonkey.com/s/8QC9KJL



The California Department of Corrections (CDC) successfully apprehended and rehabilitated a billboard between Potrero Avenue and Highway 101 near 19th Street in San Francisco to support our colleagues in the military who have come under public scrutiny due to the recent hunger strike at Guantanamo Bay. Force-feeding creates stressful conditions for overtaxed medical personnel and dangerous working conditions for military police officers in the Immediate Reaction Force, who must subdue and restrain a detainee prior to his meal. The corrected billboard is currently at liberty and though it seems to have successfully readjusted to public life, it will remain under surveillance by department staff to prevent recidivism and any potential lapse into prior criminal behavior. Founded in 1994, the CDC is a private correctional facility that protects the public through the secure management, discipline and rehabilitation of advertising. correctionsdepartment.org.

A few years ago, I moved to a new town and decided to volunteer at the local radical infoshop in order to connect with like-minded folks. Despite my best efforts to engage with and others in my three months of volunteering, I only befriended one person, and left feeling bitter and confused about my experience.

efforts to engage with and learn about the community, he had never met a friendly anarchist before. I responded by reassuring him that friendly anarchists did, in fact, exist, though I was also struggling to find them in this town. We went on to have an awesome afternoon of political (and non-political)

Together, their insightful responses sketched out a rough theory of inclusiveness. In spaces with a purpose, inclusiveness means the minimization of barriers to involvement for those with whom the collective is striving to connect. As such, the standards that determine whether or not a collective space is inclusive are not universal; they depend on *who* the collective wants to include and *in what capacity* they want to include them (or, for that matter, whether they actually *can* include them. A radical mental health collective, for example, may not be equipped to accept folks with severe emotional distress into the team of organizers, but may be interested in listening to their needs and supporting them with resources.) Once a collective has reached consensus on these questions, it is possible to construct a plan for inclusiveness.

Such a plan should be thorough and specific. Deeply inclusive spaces go beyond avoiding obvious deal-breakers like racism, transphobia, sexism, violence, homophobia, ableism, classism, and other acts which erode participants' safety and foreclose on participation. They also go beyond taking thoughtful steps like ensuring unisex bathrooms, providing wheelchair accessibility, and offering childcare. At a queer anti-racist collective meeting, being inclusive means noticing when the couch spots next to transgender folks fill up last, and taking steps to reverse that tendency. In multi-lingual environments, it means providing adequate translation and conversation spaces. Furthermore, inclusiveness doesn't just mean knowing who your audience is, but taking steps to be an audience for others. Inclusiveness means listening carefully to peoples' needs so that they may include you in their spaces; it means stepping back from leadership roles to provide supportive services like dishwashing or childcare.

With this definition in mind, I returned to my infoshop experience. As I understand it, infoshops traditionally strive to distribute resources (meeting spaces, theory and ideas, local information, coffee) among those who are interested in anarchism. Staffers at infoshops

enforced happy demeanors among employees. She elaborated, "When your ability to perform happiness becomes more important than your own happiness, acting happy can become a very painful thing. In response to this, many of us are trying to weed an oppressive type of faked happiness out of our personalities, and figure out how to reclaim the performance of happiness for ourselves".

I agree that the pressure to act happy could be corrosive to the social fabric of any radical space. However, while I would not like to see our communities force their members into insincere, artificial inclusiveness, the lived reality is that whether I'm working the register at a collectively owned business, staffing an infoshop, or opening up my home for a meeting, folks will feel more comfortable if my friends and I engage with them in a kind and welcoming fashion.

There is a middle ground between faking happiness and alienating visitors. The problem with customer service culture is that it commodifies and sterilizes happiness, joy, and connection into artificial friendliness and feigned concern. For me, a backlash against customer service culture would transform the artificiality of it, not the friendliness.

For example, when I worked the register at a collectively-run business, I challenged myself to practice honesty and empathy with customers in an effort to subvert the saccharine alienation of traditional capitalist workplaces. In my interactions at the counter, I never lied about my feelings, but also maintained a genuine interest and investment in the well-being of the folks who visited. When I wasn't feeling interested or invested, I would ask my shift-mate to work the register while I worked in the back. This way, I was able to meet my needs for open and honest expression and personal space while still creating an environment where visitors felt acknowledged and connected. While my anecdote is in no way a one-size-fits-all prescription, I hope it communicates one of the many ways in which we can collectively and individually support the missions of our spaces while also meeting our own needs.

A few years ago, I moved to a new town and decided to volunteer at the local radical infoshop in order to connect with like-minded folks. Despite my best efforts to engage with others in my three months of volunteering, I only befriended one person, and left feeling bitter and confused about my experience.

Towards the end of my stay, I found validation at a political action where I got to know a fellow protestor. As we spoke of our reasons for being there, we discovered that we shared a lot of the same frameworks, though we used different words to describe them. However, he was really surprised when I self-identified as an anarchist; despite being curious about the ideology and making several efforts to engage with and learn about the community, he had never met a friendly anarchist before. I responded by reassuring him that friendly anarchists did, in fact, exist, though I was also struggling to find them in this town. We went on to have an awesome afternoon of political (and non-political) conversation, and I'd like to think we both learned a lot and had a good time.

My experiences sparked my interest in the question of inclusiveness. Was I right to expect the infoshop's community to be more welcoming? What does inclusiveness even mean? As a small experiment, I emailed a number of my friends and asked them what they thought about the concept.

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With this definition in mind, I returned to my infoshop experience. As I understand it, infoshops traditionally strive to distribute resources (meeting spaces, theory and ideas, local information, coffee) among those who are interested in anarchism. Staffers at infoshops help visitors make sense of the resources and the space while maintaining basic boundaries around what is and isn't acceptable in these environments in order to ensure safety in these spaces.

When I asked my friend Samara why she thought folks were so aloof at the infoshop that I visited, she replied that many staffers come from customer service backgrounds which feigned concern. For me, a backlash against customer service culture would transform the artificiality of it, not the friendliness.

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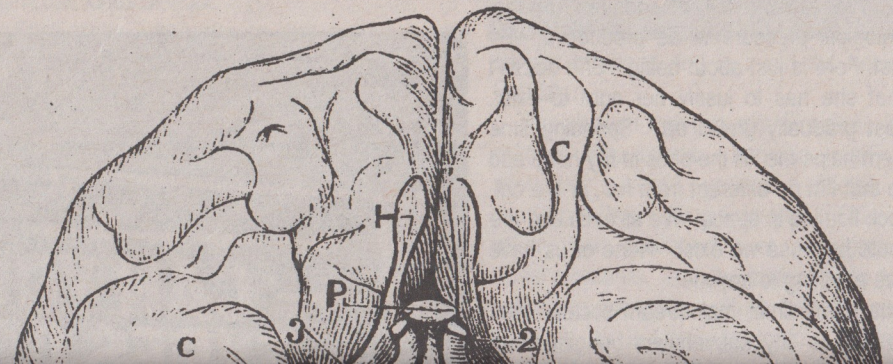
At its core, inclusiveness depends on listening to others' needs and being available for input, feedback, and requests. In practice, standards for inclusiveness may evolve as individuals' needs arise and intersect, and while total inclusiveness may not be possible, taking active steps towards creating inclusive spaces will establish a foundation for creative, diverse, and deeply meaningful projects.

Anarchism & neurodiversity

by Zane Bologna

The concept of neurodiversity is largely unknown within the anarchist community, or any community, for that matter. Neurodiversity is the idea that people with neurological differences should be recognized as equals to neurotypicals, or those who are considered neurologically "normal."

Police brutality is a huge problem facing the neurodiverse. Instances like the death of Kelly Thomas, a homeless schizophrenic man who



Negative attitudes towards the neurodiverse stem from an oppressive mindset. Capitalism has taught us all that those who can't produce profit have no inherent worth whatsoever. Since capitalism and class society itself is incapable of seeing the forest for the trees, those with a different mindset from Neurotypical people are not a demographic that can be sold to, and sometimes our neuroses make us harder to hire. Instead of getting the

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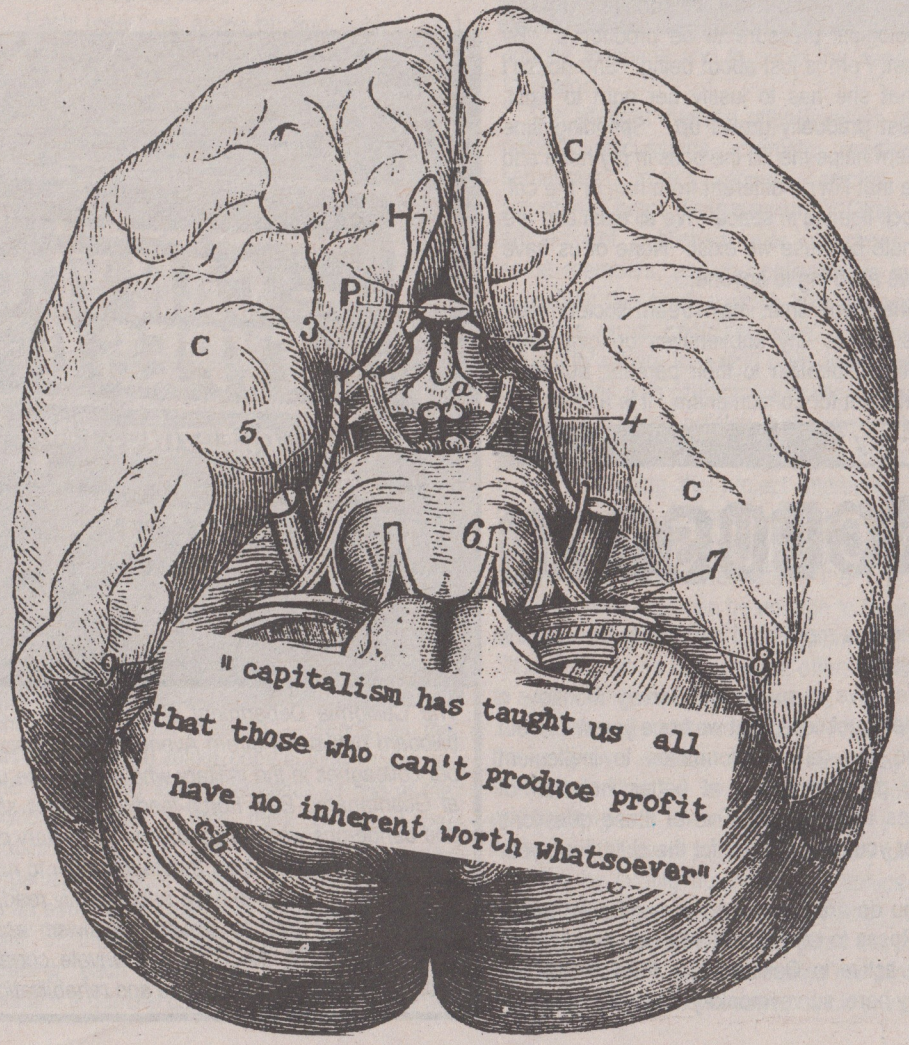
Police brutality is a huge problem facing the neurodiverse. Instances like the death of Kelly Thomas, a homeless schizophrenic man who was beaten to death by police in Fullerton, California, sadly aren't that rare. I personally have faced such discrimination on a (much) smaller scale, having been harassed by police who think my nervous tics and sometimes odd behavior are "suspicious seeming."

Society's attitudes towards the neurodiverse are just as badly misinformed and negative. There have been a multitude of incidents of bullying towards the neurodiverse, especially common with schizophrenics. On top of experiencing bullying, many schizophrenics are often homeless due to the lack of services this post-Reagan regime provides. Being both homeless and schizophrenic puts these individuals in double jeopardy; they are seen as wandering goons. The rates of bullying for those with Autism Spectrum Disorders are also very high. Harmless stymieing and narrow interests make this society angry towards the neurodiverse.



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It's time for the neurodiverse, from the homeless schizophrenic man to the Star Trek loving Aspie Womyn to the suregeon with Tourette's syndrome, to realize that statism and capitalism produce hierarchies that are inherently operating against them. Its time for the Neurodiverse to get prepared to bash back against bigots and goons. It's time for all people who don't fit the upper-class, straight, neurotypical WASP mold (and them too if they want to join us) to rise up and create a better world for us all. We could start by trying to educate the masses about the neurodiverse, and how they are capable of living lives as good as anyone else. The situation with police can only be solved like we've always known: direct action! Together we can all make this world a nicer place for everyone.

CHALLENGING IGNORANCE OF ALLERGIES

By Abby Davidson, & Thomas Butler

Food-sharing is a human universal, including people with food allergies. For us, these rituals can even have the opposite effect of their community-building intentions. Choosing between physical safety and social inclusion is alienating.

It also makes many events inaccessible. Your community may have food-sharing standards such as labeling ingredients and letting folks with allergies go first at buffets--and both are welcome and helpful norms to maintain. But acknowledging allergy-free privilege means more than making food-sharing accessible. It means accepting the collective responsibility to make it more socially inclusive.

It wasn't long ago that I came to understand the issues associated with food allergies. After catching the H1N1 virus in 2009, I developed a set of troubling symptoms, at one point losing almost 15 pounds over 6 weeks. For a while, I dismissed it as still recovering from the flu. But six months later, this explanation didn't hold up. Intuition told me it had to do with the food I was eating, but what? After eliminating a variety of potential triggers from my diet, the culprit was identified: gluten.

At first, a gluten free diet seemed extreme food-prep rules to follow, is awareness of potential for exclusion and alienation. With an analysis of not just physical access, but of social inclusion, any community intending to feed all its members will discover the food-prep technicalities that it needs to do so.

At a recent action, the meal offered contained ingredients I am allergic to. An organizer approached me in advance about delivery options they could comp. I didn't have to leave the group to get my dinner, nor pay extra for it! I was fed, but more importantly I knew the organizers had inclusion in their list of priorities.

Allyship With Folks With Allergies

Researching allergies is a good first step, but it's important to communicate personally with us, as different people with the same allergy may be more or less sensitive to the allergen, or have different reactions. Many people have multiple allergies and/or intolerances.

Acknowledge that allergies differ from voluntary food restrictions, like vegetarian or veganism. Lacking the autonomy to select our food restrictions, our constant vigilance is never a choice. If the meat chili spoon gets into the vegetarian chili, few (if any) vegetarians would be harmed, if they even noticed. Folks with allergies would find out by getting sick.

In Praise of Beans and Rice

By Violet

For the past 5 years I've lived in radical community. I've lived on queer land projects, in squats and cabins in the woods. I've slept in tents, attics, couches and huts. I've been a resident, guest, and traveler. On the most intimate level, my involvement in radical community has come primarily through THE KITCHEN. I've cooked for hundreds, if not thousands, of people. I've cooked in chaotic communal cook spaces, on propane camping stoves in squats, cast-iron wood-stoves, and over an open fire.

Over time and with experience I've observed that liberated cooking spaces are remarkably consistent in many ways:

* They serve as an open kitchen and feeding ground for many
* they are mostly stocked with items that are either dumpstered or bought on food stamps
* they incorporate food from backyard gardens
* cheese, yogurt, peanut butter, nuts and meat

experience. The dominant culture has a certain attitude towards health that is so ubiquitous it is almost invisible, even in radical community. The basic assumption goes something like this: "the primary importance in life is PRODUCTIVITY and INCOME. To achieve this end it is totally okay to sacrifice the health and well-being of your body. When the body starts to fail there are HEALTHCARE PROFESSIONALS that will take care of you making your PRODUCTIVITY AND INCOME absolutely necessary to pay for medical care." This is of course ADDICT-LOGIC that doesn't really make any sense. I've seen gluten-allergies play out in ways where people feel alienated within community. They need their own separate cast iron. They are frequently inadvertently poisoned by other people's carelessness. THIS IS A SERIOUS ISSUE. On the same level as black mold in residential space, bike accidents and drug abuse.

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It also makes many events inaccessible. Your community may have food-sharing standards such as labeling ingredients and letting folks with allergies go first at buffets--and both are welcome and helpful norms to maintain. But acknowledging allergy-free privilege means more than making food-sharing accessible. It means accepting the collective responsibility to make it more socially inclusive.

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At first, a gluten free diet seemed extreme and unnecessary. For a few weeks, I experimented with a low gluten diet, which failed to provide relief. I learned the hard way that my body couldn't handle exceptions, even small ones. Once I was fully gluten free, all my digestive issues went away, my joints stopped aching, and the fog my brain had been in for so long finally lifted. Surprisingly, after a few months, issues I previously thought were genetic, like my chronic insomnia and thin brittle nails, started resolving as well.

As much as I appreciated discovering my body's unexplored healing capacities in exchange for removing bagels, beer, and baklava from my life, I lamented learning how much more I was giving up than food. Favorite rad traditions like Food Not Bombs became inaccessible. So called 'community-building' potlucks demonstrated how low of a priority my community placed on including folks with allergies.

Answering a barrage of questions about why we're not eating this or drinking that at every event where food is shared often makes it easier to avoid those events altogether. "Wow it must suck to have an allergy!" and "It's a good thing you brought that trail mix, we wouldn't want you to starve!" are not inclusive things to

feed all its members will discover the food-prep technicalities that it needs to do so.

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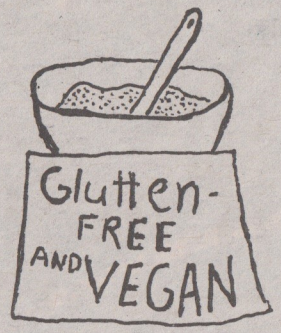
Allyship With Folks With Allergies

Researching allergies is a good first step, but it's important to communicate personally with us, as different people with the same allergy may be more or less sensitive to the allergen, or have different reactions. Many people have multiple allergies and/or intolerances.

Acknowledge that allergies differ from voluntary food restrictions, like vegetarian or veganism. Lacking the autonomy to select our food restrictions, our constant vigilance is never a choice. If the meat chili spoon gets into the vegetarian chili, few (if any) vegetarians would be harmed, if they even noticed. Folks with allergies would find out by getting sick.

Don't take it personally if we decline to eat something even if you spent a bunch of time and effort making it in what you thought was a way we could eat it.

Arguing is a form of bullying. Trust what we tell you about our needs, even if it seems unusual or contradicts what you think you know.



don't take it personally if we decline to eat something even if you spent a bunch of time & effort making it

By Violet

For the past 5 years I've lived in radical community. I've lived on queer land projects, in squats and cabins in the woods. I've slept in tents, attics, couches and huts. I've been a resident, guest, and traveler. On the most intimate level, my involvement in radical community has come primarily through THE KITCHEN. I've cooked for hundreds, if not thousands, of people. I've cooked in chaotic communal cook spaces, on propane camping stoves in squats, cast-iron wood-stoves, and over an open fire.

Over time and with experience I've observed that liberated cooking spaces are remarkably consistent in many ways:

* They serve as an open kitchen and feeding ground for many
* they are mostly stocked with items that are either dumpstered or bought on food stamps
* they incorporate food from backyard gardens
* cheese, yogurt, peanut butter, nuts and meat are the first things to be eaten, often in a frenzy of scarcity mentality and greed
* there is usually an ample supply of condiments, notably Bragg's liquid aminos and Sriracha pepper sauce and nutritional yeast
* people regularly don't do their dishes much to collective chagrin

In other ways radical kitchens vary wildly. Land projects formed before the 1990's are frequently vegetarian spaces. Squats NEVER are.

THE DANGERS OF DUMPSTERING

There are certain patterns with dumpstered food. The big "scores" of cheese and

experience. The dominant culture has a certain attitude towards health that is so ubiquitous it is almost invisible, even in radical community. The basic assumption goes something like this: "the primary importance in life is PRODUCTIVITY and INCOME. To achieve this end it is totally okay to sacrifice the health and well-being of your body. When the body starts to fail there are HEALTHCARE PROFESSIONALS that will take care of you making your PRODUCTIVITY AND INCOME absolutely necessary to pay for medical care." This is of course ADDICT-LOGIC that doesn't really make any sense. I've seen gluten-allergies play out in ways where people feel alienated within community. They need their own separate cast iron. They are frequently inadvertently poisoned by other people's carelessness. THIS IS A SERIOUS ISSUE. On the same level as black mold in residential space, bike accidents and drug abuse.

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BODY POLITIC

Diets are inherently political. "Apolitical" or "apathetic" is still a form of political engagement

What we choose to consume has long-term consequences, both for ourselves and for the larger social order. Boycotts have been an effective means to create change. Our food choices create a collective momentum. This collective momentum creates, in part, our reality. Freeganism is political. Veganism is political. Eating local is political. Likewise buying factory-farmed meat is political. Shopping at Walmart is political. Going deeper, how we care for our bodies is of the utmost political importance. Do we treat ourselves as THINGS to be USED and then DISCARDED? Do we lavish ourselves with love and treat our

failed to provide relief. I learned the hard way that my body couldn't handle exceptions, even small ones. Once I was fully gluten free, all my digestive issues went away, my joints stopped aching, and the fog my brain had been in for so long finally lifted. Surprisingly, after a few months, issues I previously thought were genetic, like my chronic insomnia and thin brittle nails, started resolving as well.

As much as I appreciated discovering my body's unexplored healing capacities in exchange for removing bagels, beer, and baklava from my life, I lamented learning how much more I was giving up than food. Favorite rad traditions like Food Not Bombs became inaccessible. So called 'community-building' potlucks demonstrated how low of a priority my community placed on including folks with allergies.

Answering a barrage of questions about why we're not eating this or drinking that at every event where food is shared often makes it easier to avoid those events altogether. "Wow it must suck to have an allergy!" and "It's a good thing you brought that trail mix, we wouldn't want you to starve!" are not inclusive things to say to someone who's unable to partake in your community's traditions. What differs between a movement that wants to be inclusive and one that doesn't is whose responsibility it is to accommodate.

At a recent potluck while I was watching others load their plates with a delicious-looking feast, I considered tracking down the creator of a salad, the only dish that might be safe other than the one I'd brought. I wasn't looking forward to asking detailed questions that might seem impolite to someone I'd only just met-- "did you use a fresh cutting board? Were there crumbs on the counter?" After a couple minutes mentally rehearsing a disarmingly apologetic way to ask, I noticed someone using the serving fork from the pasta next door for the veggies I'd had my eye on.

It's neither possible nor necessary for every potluck dish to accommodate everyone, but it's important to be aware that we have to deal with the risk of illness. More important than a list of way we could eat it.

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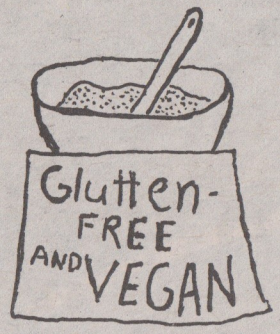

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Accountability means speaking up if you discover that something's become accidentally contaminated. Admitting it was messed up is uncomfortable. But it's far worse to poison someone by keeping silent. It's better to miss out on a meal than spend days or weeks suffering from it.

Being an ally in the struggle against ableism means taking responsibility for privilege you have by fighting the exclusion of people with different abilities.

Food allergies and intolerances aren't especially rare, and recent research indicates that they're becoming even more common. I am grateful to encounter a greater number of more understanding people as awareness increases surrounding this important issue. Together we can help make it easier to heal ourselves, and support each other while doing so.

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THE DANGERS OF DUMPSTERING

There are certain patterns with dumpstered food. The big "scores" of cheese and prepared health food are usually infrequent, at most periodic i.e. the second Sunday of the month. Produce can be secured almost everyday. Sometimes it's only a few half rotted green bell peppers other times hundreds of bruised organic apples. Often there is both great abundance and variety of fruits and veggies.

Ungodly amounts of bread are always available somewhere close by. ALWAYS. And have you ever noticed how much dumpstered bread radicals eat? Bread with cheese. Bread with butter. Bread with peanut butter. Eggs and toast. Jam on toast. Toast by itself. Not that there's anything wrong with bread or anything, in moderation. But have you ever noticed HOW MANY PUNKS HAVE GLUTEN ALLERGIES?? Allergies are caused BY OVEREXPOSURE. They grow worse over time. One of my uncles worked in a bakery. He developed gluten allergies after being around wheat flour every day. I've heard anecdotally that this is a fairly common

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Your body is the fundamental unit of who you are. What is the point of radicalism that doesn't incorporate self-care and love into its ideology?

RICE AND BEANS AND GREENS

Have you ever noticed how excited everyone gets about eating rice, beans, vegetables and tortillas for dinner? They are one of the easiest and cheapest meals to make. They are at the most basic vegan and gluten free. They meet almost everyone's needs and are healthy and delicious to boot. Dry beans can be intimidating. To cook them well one needs either to plan well in advance or have a pressure cooker. This is a different rhythm than instant convenience, but is not without its charms. I've seen it as breakfast, lunch and dinner.

ME NOTES ON GENDER IN CAPITALISM

UNBOUND

me get into college, and I dreamed that academia would be a place where I could interact with men honestly, without fear or manipulations.

After going off to university, however, I found myself combating whole new restrictive gender dynamics: teachers who tended to call on male students more than female. Male students who became furious at me if I rejected acts of chivalry. Two of my female roommates had verbally abusive boyfriends. Several of my female friends were raped during college. In fact, I am pretty sure that all of us were raped at least once somewhere along the line: every time I made close friends with a woman, she would eventually disclose the details. It hurt my heart to hear it every time. And when a rapist finally got me, I was startled by how fast all the bullshit started hitting me: Trying to share it with people and having them ask, "What were you wearing?" And, while getting the restraining order, which involved the traumatic experience of seeing my rapist in court, having the judge repeatedly ask me, "Was there any alcohol involved?" As if these are worthy excuses. As if consent can be overridden so long as certain factors are involved.

After my rape, I found out my mother had also been raped. I already knew that my sister had been raped.

One in three American women admits to having been raped at some point in her life, but in my family, none of the women escaped.

When I told my older cousin about my rape, she said, "That's the thing about college: all your friends start raping each other."

Female oppression expresses itself differently among the wealthy: the designer date rape drugs, the games played with money and favors, shaming culture that frightens rich women away from voicing their abuse. But underneath it all, there is still that same dehumanization, that same belief that a

workshops, parties, and classes, I frequently find that I am treated poorly if I don't act in a self-deprecating way. As a woman, if I'm too assertive, people tend to respond negatively. When I was young, I had more energy to face this shit. In fact, I welcomed it. Once or twice a week during my sophomore and junior years of college, I painted a mustache across my upper lip and sagged my jeans and went to class in my "man costume," and when people asked me if I was dressed that way for a reason, I'd ask them if they were dressed their way for a reason.

It is strange remembering those college shenanigans now, and asking myself why my energy for such things has disappeared.

Once, in college, a male student opened a door for me. I thanked him, even though I really didn't need the door opened, and I decided to return the favor by walking up to the next door and opened it for him. He scowled and said, "I was just trying to be nice!"

Another time, I was trying to hang my bicycle from a ceiling rack in my apartment building, and, as I had the bike precariously balanced over my head, a guy suddenly walks in and eagerly says, "Let me help you!"

"I got it," I grunted and finished hanging the bike. "But thanks for the offer."

"Yeah, whatever," my neighbor mumbled as he locked up his bike. "Fucking feminist bitch."

So what's with that, anyway? All those guys who get mad at you for denying them the ability to rescue you?

But then there are the times that, to my great shame, I've allowed myself to be rescued.

My last year of college, for example, I got out of a parking ticket by batting my eyelashes in traffic court, talking in a fake bimbo voice, and saying to the judge, "I'm so

in bed, grappling with the sense that my lungs and chest are imploding, I often realize that the pain started when I allowed someone to overstep a boundary.

American women are twice as likely to experience depression as men. In the book *Silencing the Self: Women and Depression,* social theorist Dana Jack shows how women are conditioned to self-silence: to bottle our opinions, thoughts, and feelings. By doing this, we become disconnected from our surroundings and the people around us.

Our mothers and grandmothers didn't implement better gender relations by simply wishing or lamenting. They were actually out there in the factories, unions, and courts, negotiating for new laws and protections for women.

4000 American women die each year from domestic violence. What would happen if we took a page from our foremother's books and united to protect each other? We have a lot of power--we make their food, live in their homes, care for their children...

This is the ugly direction we face as every relationship becomes increasingly politicized. If the cultural theorists are right, as capitalism enters its final stages of decay, we are seeing individuals (rather than companies) pitted against each other, until every type of human interactions becomes meditated by the negotiations of capitalist exchange. So perhaps capitalism's dying days will be marked by women rising up Fight-Club-style, pinning our former masters to the ground, razor blades held to their quivering balls, as they beg us for mercy while we demanding that the rapes, the murder, the oppression end.

But rather than war between the sexes, perhaps we will find a way to peacefully relieve each other of the arbitrary duties assigned to us by gender. We could harness the power of language--the power that language has to represent and reinforce our myths. We could liberate our genitals from the straight-jacket of gender and start telling different types of stories, stories about our day, stories about how, this morning, I had amazing sex with my partner, and as the ravenous jaws of my cunt closed around the swelling bud of his gentle phallus, both of us were consumed. And it is a coincidence that the penis in this story belonged to someone

Some Notes on Gen

IAN UNBO

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In the early 90s, everyone knew the story of Lorena Bobbitt, the woman who chopped off her husband's dick threw it from the window of a moving car. Some storytellers made Bobbitt out to be a harpy worthy of Greek legend: Lorena innocently smiling as she invites the ill-fated man into her bed, a murderous glint in her eye.

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All of us kids disliked the men who prowled around our apartments, beating on doors and moms, drunkenly crashing into things with their cars, leaving a trail of dented mail boxes, scuffed up garbage cans, and fist-sized holes in walls and doors.

When I was in the fourth grade, my best friend Joey and I frequently spent our afternoons together, taking apart old radios, playing with soldering irons, eager learn how things work.

One night, Joey came straight to our apartment after spending the weekend at his dad's trailer in the Cascade Mountains. I knew something was wrong: his shoulders were pulled up around his chin like his head was trying to escape into his shoulders.

We sat down in the kitchen and my mom brewed us some tea.

Finally Joey started talking. He spoke for about twenty minutes, and the only part I remember is the way he described his dad holding him down and jamming things into his ears. "First it was a pencil..."

Joey's face was pale and a little green, like he was about to throw up.

"I hate it when people touch my ears," he shuttered.

"I hate high places," I said, and I told him about the time my mom's boyfriend dangled me from the highest bridge in Eugene because I was "giving him lip."

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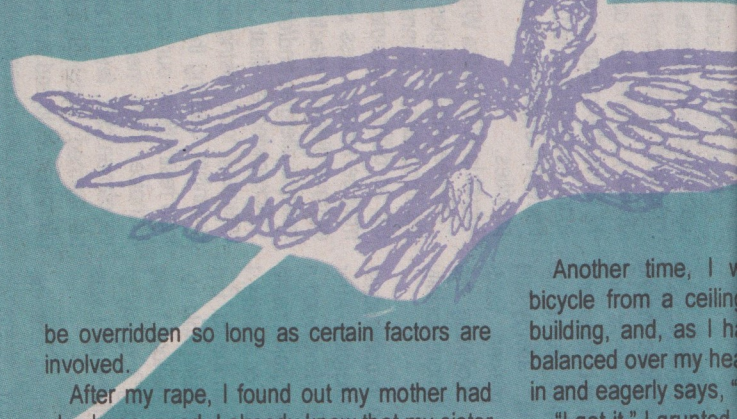

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WOMAN

By Teresa Smith

When I was a kid, my mother taught me how to manipulate men.

She was a single parent with a disability that prevented her from working, and her smile and charm helped us get the resources we needed to survive. She flirted her way into getting our car fixed, into having overdraft fees waved at the bank; she even got a social services worker to eliminate her massive student loan debt. When mom got pulled over by cops, she would bat her eyelashes and pretend to be an idiot: "Oh my goodness officer! I had no idea the taillight was out!"

It always embarrassed me and my sister to watch this performance. It wasn't mom's real personality. Afterwards, she would regain her pride by telling us, in her most macho voice: "I hope you were taking notes, girls. *This* is what you have to do to survive."

We lived in a large government-assistance housing complex, and I frequently babysat for sex workers, watching their kids while they were out making extra cash. I remember one girl, a six-year-old, Sarah, tore a large chunk of her hair out one night when her mom was late getting back from a job. It was getting later and later, and we kept watching Disney movies, pretending everything was okay, and I didn't notice the way Sarah was pulling one strand of her hair out at a time until there was a big, bloody bald patch on the side of her head. This was the Seattle-area in the '90s, and the Green River Killer was still out there. A couple of the bodies of women had been dumped within miles of our apartments.

When Sarah's mom finally showed up, Sarah threw her arms around the woman's waist and began crying.

"Get the fuck off me," her mother cussed her out and hit Sarah a few times before the woman locked herself in her bedroom and bawled.

I never asked what stalled Sarah's mom that night. I didn't want to know.

Most of the woman I talked to growing up had exchanged sex for money at least a few times. My mom frowned upon sex work — she was religious and came from a wealthy family — but she borrowed money and favors from her boyfriends all the time.

Patty, the lady who lived next door, once laughed and explained that sex work is "just the same as marriage, only you don't have to clean their damn socks!"

I got a lot of advice from the women in my apartments: "You should shave your legs, paint your nails." "If a man starts talking, pretend you're interested in whatever he says, no matter how stupid he is. Don't ever act bored by a man."

These were life-skills they were teaching me. Skills to survive, or at least live more comfortably. But the whole thing disgusted me. When I asked about love, these women tended to laugh. And I hated the way they complained about their men: talking about them behind their backs, much the way a worker might rant about a boss.

But perhaps that is exactly what was going on: Just as the males/workers were lying about themselves in order to manipulate their bosses into giving them cash, the females / dependents were inventing ways to more easily extract that money from the workers.

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What does it mean to be a woman in 2013?

In *Dreams of Donuts #15*, Oakland zinster Heather Wreckage wrote, "I pretty much believe that all female-bodied people have P.T.S.D. because of the constant trauma due to our "gender"."

When I first read this, I was somewhat annoyed. I don't want to think of myself as a trauma survivor. But, to my greater annoyance, I think Heather is on to something.

There are so many jokes about the "battle of the sexes," but how frequently do folks bring up the war?

A friend who works at a woman's shelter told me an alarming statistic: "During the Vietnam war, 58,000 American men were killed overseas. Meanwhile 62,000 American women died from domestic violence back home."

But it isn't just the moments of violence that make womanhood so difficult. To rephrase a Nietzsche quote: Rape is perhaps the dark flower of the horrible seed of America's culture around gender.

A woman in this society is socialized to be a dependent. Being a dependent means that someone in your personal life has taken charge of your ability to receive money, and under capitalism, it your access to money that determines how and whether you will survive.

To make her a better dependent, a woman in this society is conditioned to be working customer service all the time. She receives constant social pressure to undermine herself, to repress her ability to articulate her desires. She is supposed to be receptive to the situation, to make others feel comfortable and say "yes" to everything all the time. She must take responsibility for the "mood of the room," to accommodate the needs of everyone else the moment they feel them. She swallows her anger. She stifles her pain. It is all about pleasing others while looking "attractive," while appearing to be enjoying herself.

Isn't it strange how everyone talks about the way a woman looks? It is usually the first thing people say about a woman. It starts to get to you, after a while. A multimillion dollar cosmetics industry has built a veritable empire upon this insecurity, selling women beauty supplies that are frequently made of glass, road kill, lead, and other toxic materials. Many women don't care if their makeup is increasing their risk of cancer: better to have a shorter life than live with the constant insecurity that, if I let my appearance slide, my food, clothing, shelter, care, and companionship will disappear. Only, no matter how much makeup you lather upon it, that sense of swelling panic never quite leaves.

In my daily life — walking to the supermarket, riding the bus, going to

out of a parking ticket by batting my eyelashes in traffic court, talking in a fake bimbo voice, and saying to the judge, "I'm *so* sorry! I didn't even see that it was a No Parking Zone!" And the judge dismissed the ticket, just like that. Before this, I'd watched three other people — all male — have their parking ticket appeals rejected. The judge seemed quite pleased with himself for having rescued me, and for the next five minutes, he lectured me about staying safe while driving. I nodded and smiled as he droned on, and all I could think was, "So *this* is what it means to be patronized."

The judge was in a position of authority over me (I did not have the money to pay that ticket, and he had the power to relieve me of this financial burden), so I allowed him to play rescuer.

So perhaps, we might say, that a male's ability to put himself in the role of "rescuing" a woman is totally dependent on how much more power he has than her based on the inequalities that exist in our class system. If

those eager young bucks who tried to help me with the door and bicycle had had me by the balls the way that judge did, I surely would have allowed them to play out their fantasies of "chivalry."

Sometimes, I allow myself to imagine what life would be like if I lived in a world in which the dynamics of gender are no longer reinforced by class, a world in which everyone could emerge as the people they would be if we weren't bound to these weird social roles that are assigned to us at birth based on the lottery ticket of genitalia. What would sex be like if it was impossible to attach all these strings to it? What would it be like to ride the bus? What would it be like if my boyfriend and I didn't have to work so hard to "contribute equally to the relationship," to no longer to go through all the discussions and extra chores and exchanges of money and guilty feelings and all the "I really want to check in with you on this because I need to know if I'm being a burden?" What would our relationship look like, post-capitalism? But my big hopes are reduced to something very small when, every day, I am confronted with gender dynamics. Because even though he and I live in a consensus-oriented co-op, and even though he wears eyeliner and I orate about politics, neither of us can escape the subtle power that finances have over both of our lives.

One in four American women experiences chronic nerve pain. When I find myself stuck

swelling bud of his gentle phallus, both of us were consumed. And it is a coincidence that the penis in this story belonged to someone who considers themselves male, and that the vagina to my female-identified self, because it could have been any combination of adjectives and body parts. And I do believe that, if there is a moment in physical reality from which the myth of gender emanates — it is the moment when pleasure is transcribed into language.

And yet, I hesitate to get too excited about dismantling gender. Even if we successfully liberate ourselves from arbitrary gender roles, capitalism will simply develop a new game to dictate who will receive care and who won't. One can only imagine the types of new cruelties people will invent if capitalism continues, what kind of new myths will be used to justify the inequalities inherent in the system.

When I was nine years old, my mom was having trouble with a former lover and we decided to move away and change our names. I told my sidekick, Raymond, a seven-year-old who liked to wear a bath towel cape. His mom, Brandy, was pissed when she heard we were leaving. She came over to our apartment and told my mom to buy a gun.

Brandy was six months pregnant, and let me feel her baby kicking while she explained to my mother: "You have to wait until he comes inside the house to shoot him. That way it's burglary. If you shoot him on the porch, you'll get murder, and that will put you in jail for a long time. But if you kill him in the house, then he's a burglar, and you're free to go."

The man they were talking about was my father.

Mom thanked Brandy for her advice and a week later, we packed up all of our things and drove to a new state. The Witness Protection Program gave us some ridiculous new names.

According to family legend, my dad was part of the Symbionese Liberation Army, a group of radical insurrectionists who kidnapped and killed people in the early 70s. The group's name comes from the word "symbiosis," and their manifesto was all about how they considered themselves to be a "a body of dissimilar bodies and organisms living deep and loving harmony and partnership in the best interest of all within the body."

My dad wanted to change the world, to make it a better place. But he believed that change had to be obtained through a fight. Perhaps that was why he was so violent at home: unable to find place to vent this violence after the SLA collapsed, he inflicted it upon his family.

We think my dad is dead now.

According to his friends, he was living homeless for several years in a small city in Oregon. Two years ago, he crawled off into the woods and never emerged.

In this war, there are no victors.

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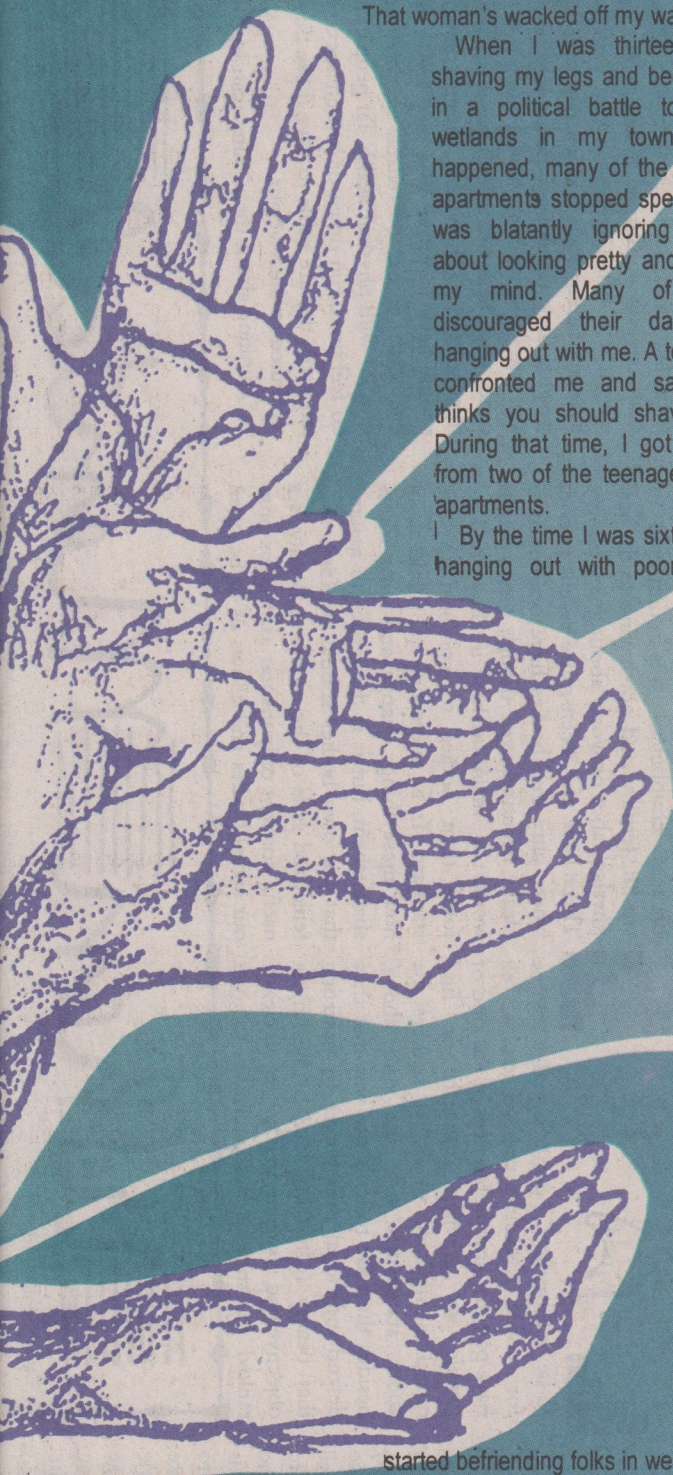

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Then my mom spoke up and told her finest rendition yet of the Lorena Bobbitt myth, opening with the husband running into a police station, hollering, "My wang! My wang! That woman's wacked off my wang!"

When I was thirteen, I stopped shaving my legs and became involved in a political battle to save some wetlands in my town. When this happened, many of the women in my apartments stopped speaking to me. I was blatantly ignoring their advice about looking pretty and not speaking my mind. Many of the moms discouraged their daughters from hanging out with me. A ten-year-old girl confronted me and said, "My mom thinks you should shave your legs." During that time, I got death threats from two of the teenaged boys in the apartments.

By the time I was sixteen, I stopped hanging out with poor people, and started befriending folks in wealthier cliques.

My new friends were all children of white-collar workers, and their parents seemed to have gender all figured out: they spouted theories of gender equality and encouraged their daughters to become scientists. They acted as if sexism didn't exist, as if women can be independent self-possessed individuals without fear of any social repercussion. And in their homes, this seemed to be the reality. I began to wonder if all the gender nastiness from my earlier life came simply because I hung out with poor people.

Some friends I met through activism helped

abuse. But underneath it all, there is still that same dehumanization, that same belief that a female is nothing more than a body, and that body is simply a product for consumption.

What does it mean to be a woman in 2013?

In *Dreams of Donuts #15*, Oakland zinster Heather Wreckage wrote, "I pretty much believe that all female-bodied people have P.T.S.D. because of the constant trauma due to our "gender"."

When I first read this, I was somewhat annoyed. I don't want to think of myself as a trauma survivor. But, to my greater annoyance, I think Heather is on to something.

There are so many jokes about the "battle of the sexes," but how frequently do folks bring up the war?

A friend who works at a woman's shelter told me an alarming statistic: "During the Vietnam war, 58,000 American men were killed overseas. Meanwhile 62,000 American women died from domestic violence back home."

But it isn't just the moments of violence that make womanhood so difficult. To rephrase a Nietzsche quote: Rape is perhaps the dark flower of the horrible seed of America's culture around gender.

A woman in this society is socialized to be a dependent. Being a dependent means that someone in your personal life has taken charge of your ability to receive money, and under capitalism, it your access to money that determines how and whether you will survive.

To make her a better dependent, a woman in this society is conditioned to be working customer service all the time. She receives constant social pressure to undermine herself, to repress her ability to articulate her desires. She is supposed to be receptive to the situation, to make others feel comfortable and say "yes" to everything all the time. She must take responsibility for the "mood of the room," to accommodate the needs of everyone else the moment they feel them. She swallows her anger. She stifles her pain. It is all about pleasing others while looking "attractive," while appearing to be enjoying herself.

Isn't it strange how everyone talks about the way a woman looks? It is usually the first thing people say about a woman. It starts to get to you, after a while. A multimillion dollar cosmetics industry has built a veritable empire upon this insecurity, selling women beauty supplies that are frequently made of glass, road kill, lead, and other toxic materials. Many women don't care if their makeup is increasing their risk of cancer: better to have a shorter life than live with the constant insecurity that, if I let my appearance slide, my food, clothing, shelter, care, and companionship will disappear. Only, no matter how much makeup you lather upon it, that sense of swelling panic never quite leaves.

In my daily life — walking to the supermarket, riding the bus, going to

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With our system of care so wrapped up in money, we find that the rarest luxury in this society is trust. Trust that your lover/provider will keep paying your bills even if you don't have sex with them whenever they want.

Trust that you will still be loved by your lover/dependent even if you lose your job. More often than not, this kind of trust is destroyed by the statutory nature of such relationships, and love is left wounded somewhere in the dark.

I didn't realize my mother was actually trying to help me when I was twelve and she nagged me for months to pluck my eyebrows — "You'll never get a husband with that unibrow!" — until finally she lost patience and pinned me to the bathroom wall and I wept while my little sister solemnly tweezed the offending hairs. How obsessed my mother

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Some friends I met through activism he

FAT BODIES REJECTING PROCRUSTEAN

Continued from Page 1

one's lifestyle, or whether or not someone has a history of chronic pain or illness. Studies linking BMI to chronic illness and increased mortality often fail to take these other factors into account. People who have low BMI's can still suffer from 'obesity related' illnesses and those who have high ones may not. According to my BMI, for example, I am clinically obese but I have always tested well for blood pressure and cholesterol and am fairly active and healthy. I am not saying there is never a measurable connection between weight and chronic illness, but that healthy bodies are not uniform and statistical inferences are not particularly useful when compared to paying attention to the needs of a real, individual body in question.

Procrustes was an ancient Greek bandit who famously hacked and stretched kidnap victims so they would fit into his uniform beds. The adjective procrustean refers to the tendency to violently force people into a mold. The BMI and all of the assumptions that shape its use are procrustean tools because they convince people that health and happiness will be achieved by cramming ourselves into a pair of jeans that didn't used to fit rather than by paying attention to our bodies and refusing to resent them.

Some of the ways modern society affects our bodies and makes them sicker are framed in the alarmist rhetoric of the "obesity epidemic". It is true that aspects of consumer capitalism in rich countries have led to increasingly sedentary people with abundant access to crappy processed calories. Many of us, whether we are fat or not, have at times used increased screen time and so called comfort foods to numb ourselves to the poverty of everyday life. neatly correspond to a dip in my BMI and generally have an inverse relationship to the times when I am more self conscious about being fat.

There is also a way in which the visibility of fat people means that when we do have health problems, we get judged for them in absurd ways. A fat person can be healthy for years, but if we ever do develop high blood pressure, diabetes, heart disease, joint pain, or any of the other ten thousand ailments that have been connected to obesity (it seems like most have), it will be said that we could have prevented all of it by controlling our appetites. The effect is that fat sick people are often seen as responsible for their illnesses in ways that thinner people rarely are. This is despite quite a bit of medical evidence suggesting that fat people who lose weight usually gain it back and that repeated cycles of dieting and weight gain are far more detrimental to long term health than maintaining a stable 'obese' weight. It has even been shown by some studies that fatter than average people who develop heart disease and some other chronic illnesses later in life actually live longer than thinner counterparts*.

Beauty: Fat is Ugly

Often when people equate being fat with being unhealthy, though, they are not actually talking about health at all, they are talking about beauty or attractiveness.

I was on an internet dating site the other day and I saw a profile that said something to the effect of: "I'm not into meeting overweight people. I have worked too hard

another. This allows people to feel justified in devaluing bodies they are not attracted to without taking any responsibility for those judgments.

These sentiments are not uncommon; many ideas of beauty rest on a bed of unexamined assumptions about attraction that make expressing repulsion for certain types of bodies, including fat bodies, socially acceptable. This is clearly obnoxious for people who have bodies that are deemed ugly, but it is also disempowering for anyone who is compelled to compare themselves to an ideal they don't match. It robs the person making the assessment of being able to recognize that they have the power to explore, negotiate, and be surprised by their attractions; that all of us are, in fact, idiosyncratic bundles of desire that have been shaped by a combination of proclivity, circumstance, and choice.

Any hierarchy of beauty that places thin or athletic bodies at the top inherently relegates fat bodies to ugliness. The problem is not who is at the top, but that

about our desires; to recognize that the world is impoverished when people are not able to see themselves as beautiful.

Personality: Fat and Lazy

The perceived relevance of body size in assessing health and beauty is often mirrored in assessments of personality. Fat people as a group are commonly assumed to be less intelligent, less hard working, and less likely to control their impulses than people who are not fat. Media representations of fat people often reinforce these stories; we are all familiar with fat characters that are either stupidly cheerful or slovenly and pathetic.

> Fat people have to ignore strong societal messages in order to develop a healthy self-image, but people who are fat are not the only ones damaged by these stories; the fear of fat affects the way that many of us think about ourselves and others.

The story about fat people as lazy likely stems from the reductive idea that body size is directly related to appetites that are supposed to be controlled by force of will. Appetite, then, becomes a metaphor for the way that people deal with their intellectual or emotional lives. Thinness in the context of abundant food is seen as a symbol of self-control while fatness becomes a mark of laziness and a lack of control. Since it is also assumed that no one wants to be fat,

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A result of all this is that many people confuse 'being healthier' with 'being thinner' and are backed up by a medical establishment which overvalues the hazards of being fat and undervalues the hazards of feeling shitty about your body. By overestimating the relevance of weight to overall health, doctors and other well meaning medical professionals often fail to correctly diagnose ailments or recommend effective treatment. I have a friend who is fairly healthy and was told by her doctor to consider radical weight loss surgery before even being asked about her diet and lifestyle or having her blood work done. In an age of increasing healthcare costs, telling someone to lose 10 pounds and hoping the that fat sick people are often seen as responsible for their illnesses in ways that thinner people rarely are. This is despite quite a bit of medical evidence suggesting that fat people who lose weight usually gain it back and that repeated cycles of dieting and weight gain are far more detrimental to long term health than maintaining a stable 'obese' weight. It has even been shown by some studies that fatter than average people who develop heart disease and some other chronic illnesses later in life actually live longer than thinner counterparts*.

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I was on an internet dating site the other day and I saw a profile that said something to the effect of: "I'm not into meeting overweight people. I have worked too hard

to be hot for that." I don't begrudge anyone for having romantic preferences, we all have patterns and preferences in the kind of people we gravitate towards or find ourselves attracted to. What bothers me about statements like the one above, besides the rude tone, is the way that they defend individual preferences by asserting that beauty (often encoded as health) is objective and implying that we are all clearly ranked in attractiveness relative to one

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Any hierarchy of beauty that places thin or athletic bodies at the top inherently relegates fat bodies to ugliness. The problem is not who is at the top, but that the hierarchy exists at all. Standards of beauty are not natural; they are constructed and change over time. They are not necessarily linked to what is actually healthy or what individual people may or may not find attractive. For a long time chubby people were considered more attractive because chubbiness was connected to wealth, fertility, and not having to do hard physical labor or worry about going hungry. There have also been more recent periods where ultra thin bodies have been seen as ideally beautiful even though many people would be malnourished if they tried to force their bodies to conform to that standard. It is interesting to think about how these things change and what forces shape them, but it is dangerous to assume that our own bodies should conform to a fetishized style of the moment. Beauty is a useful concept only insofar as it maps onto our actual bodies and allows us to be open

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These default assumptions are not definitive, but they do shape first impressions and can form low-level expectations in the back of people's minds that are easily confirmed. When people gain weight it is often seen as a sign that their lives are falling apart and when people lose weight, they usually get positive attention and are perceived as having their life in order regardless of their physical health or mental state. Often this means that fat people have to prove that they are in fact intelligent, active, or reliable despite their size. As with physical health, fat people that do feel tired, run down or less energetic on any given day are liable to have those things attributed to their weight.

Thinking about these things can lead one

When Mental

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Eating well and being active are definitely important things to do but they do not always make people smaller. Focusing on weight loss as the reason to be mindful about what we eat and how we move can turn eating and moving our bodies -- two things that should feel good and be a joy -- into shame filled activities; chores that we must attend to for the sake of a thinner future. My own resentment for the way that diet and exercise were pushed on me as a kid meant that it took a long time for me to realize I could think about eating and moving in healthy ways without attendant shame. I am not always the healthiest eater today, but when it comes to avoiding processed foods and eating leafy greens, I do at least as well as most of my thinner friends. I am not always as active as I want to be, but I walk and bike a lot and dance my ass off until two in the morning occasionally if I want to. I do feel better and healthier when I am eating and moving in healthier ways, but those periods do not

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Thinking about these things can lead one

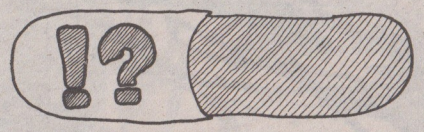
When Mental

By Jesse D. Palmer

A month ago, a California criminal court sent my close friend Nick, who was one of the founders of *Slingshot* in 1988, to the state mental hospital where he will be involuntarily medicated with antipsychotic drugs. It hurts to write it — what could we, his friends and community, have done to avoid this? Sadly, I don't know.

Nick is one of the most fearless, tireless, committed radicals I've ever known. He's always been intense about fighting the system and injustice, but also funny, creative, modest, and caring. Nick designed the *Slingshot* logo by dripping ink out of a bottle. I met him a week or two after *Slingshot* started and he helped me develop a much more radical analysis of the system and inspired me with his militant street tactics. Back in the 1980s we lived together and worked on the paper and went to protests. At a riot on Telegraph Avenue in 1990, he was the only one with a protest sign, which read simply "no more liberalism." He created funny graphics and articles for *Slingshot* that brilliantly mocked authority. In the early 90s, after traveling in Germany and seeing radical Germany calendar/organizers, he made a pocket calendar that inspired the first *Slingshot organizer*. Nick was always making a flier and organizing a protest.

Possibly after suffering a head injury during a police beating in 1998, Nick's mental health began to gradually deteriorate. He got more and more isolated



and began having wild delusions that he was being followed, that his family were mass murders, and that his friends had betrayed the radical movement and were part of a vast conspiracy. There was no way to talk him out of these delusions or convince him that he needed help. He made activist-style fliers and organized protests alleging misconduct against members of his family and a bunch of his closest friends, including me.

After his mother passed away he picketed his brother-in-law's business for months accusing him of cutting his mother's head off and keeping it alive to torture her. He sought a restraining order against a long-time local activist who Nick had been living with and circulated fliers accusing him of being a mafia leader and a child molester. At one point Nick thought all Latino men were part of the conspiracy — later it was all gay men.

For years, Nick's friends would periodically exchange a flurry of emails to see if anyone could figure out what to do, usually triggered by a new shocking delusion Nick was having. But we were never able to come up with anything between do-it-yourself remedies, which *weren't* working, or the heavy mainstream options that we found unacceptable: bringing in mental hospitals or the state.

I felt so frustrated and powerless for years because I wanted to help Nick, but he didn't think he had a problem. So you

BODY POLITICS

to question the whole concept of laziness as a vice and industriousness as a virtue. It reminds me of the way that the demands of industrial capitalism have shaped our ideas about which personal qualities are valuable and prepare us to be compliant workers. Hard working industriousness and periods of high productivity are seen as hallmarks of personal success worthy of admiration, while slow and deliberate minds that engage in extended periods of idle reflection -- unless they exist in very specialized contexts -- are seen as lazy and stupid. These are convenient values for power structures that see reflective time as time lost and frenetic time as time well spent. Learning to distrust the values we have been encouraged to embrace doesn't mean we should simply invert them, but perhaps dismantling our assumptions about the morality of personal qualities can allow us space to be idle and productive without guilt and in ways that are less predictable to the bosses or the ad executives.

Why this matters to everyone

It's true that fat people have to ignore strong societal messages in order to develop a healthy self image but people who are fat are not the only ones damaged by these stories; the fear of fat affects the way that many of us think about ourselves and others.

All of us have bodies and often our relationships to those bodies are not particularly empowering ones. I still go through periods where I feel less attractive and less connected to my body and I probably always will. Body size is also just one of the many axes along which we are judged and encouraged to judge. Gender, race, ethnicity, wellness, and ability are only some of the more obvious and prominent categories that have similarly rigid standards

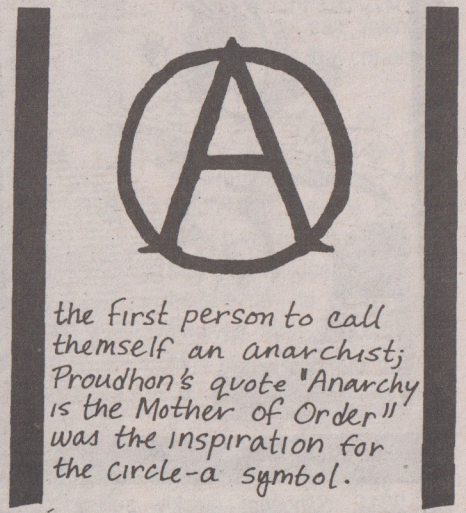
Adventures in Anarchy: Volume One

PROUDHON

by x.lenc

Who was the first anarchist? Nitpickers and academics will happily bicker over this question for hours at a time, but few would dispute the claim that Pierre-Joseph Proudhon was the first person to *call themselves* an anarchist. While working as an apprentice in a printing press, the mostly self-educated Proudhon encountered many ideas from the European enlightenment, which suggested that all people had the ability to use scientific reasoning, and that this ability to reason could and should be used to challenge conventional wisdom and advance human freedom (though for most Enlightenment writers, this admittedly only meant freedom for white middle class men). After several failed ventures in the printmaking business, Proudhon took the advice (and money) of his friend Gustave Fallot, and went to university to study philosophy. From this point on, he wrote prolifically and unrelentingly: he continued to publish books as he fought off various sedition charges, as he built barricades during the 1848 revolution in France (while he published newspapers with readerships in the tens of thousands), while he was imprisoned by Napoleon III (where he continued to write for two newspapers), as he fled France for Belgium to avoid further persecution, as he organized massive anti-voting campaigns, and even as he died: his final moments were spent dictating one last book.

The centerpiece of his philosophy is probably found in the answer to the title of the book that first launched him to fame, *What is Property?* (1840). He argues that property is despotic (tyrannical) and, more famously, that *property is theft*. This is more



survive, giving them wages or food worth far less than what they had actually created, and keeping the rest (called "surplus value") to themselves – Thus, *property is theft*. The ability to hold the basic necessities of life hostage allows property owners to control nearly all aspects of the social and political existence of those without property – thus, *property is despotism*. But because of the human capacity to use science, "a system of knowledge in harmony with the reality of things, and inferred from observation", those without property are able to recognize the farce of their condition, and champion the cause of *scientific socialism* for their release from their current state in society. All of these ideas will probably sound familiar to those familiar with Karl Marx, an early admirer and correspondent of Proudhon who decades later made scientific socialism and surplus value the basis of his theory of political economy. But not only did Marx go ahead and claim these

could be forgiven for thinking so. (For that matter, most contemporary anarchists will probably also find it strange that the famous critic of parliamentarianism ran for and was elected to a term in the French National Assembly, or that the man who claimed to fight for "the absence of a master, of a sovereign" expressed virulent and even violent prejudice against women and Jewish people). But while Proudhon at times held equivocal views on the state, the failures of the French Revolution of 1848 convinced him that governments – even revolutionary governments that allegedly represented workers – were incapable of committing suicide (as Marx never fully understood). He insisted, as many continue to insist, that governments exist chiefly to violently enforce the capitalist class system, and that liberty is thus achieved not by "reducing big government" (as modern right-wing libertarians believe), but through the immediate abolition of government itself.

In its place, Proudhon advanced the cause of a pre-existing concept called 'mutualism,' which he had encountered during a visit to a silk-weaving cooperative in Lyon made up of workers who co-owned their operation, living as laborers but not serving bosses. Mutualists argue that if everyone has the means to their own production, without capitalist property-

time as time well spent. Learning to distrust the values we have been encouraged to embrace doesn't mean we should simply invert them, but perhaps dismantling our assumptions about the morality of personal qualities can allow us space to be idle and productive without guilt and in ways that are less predictable to the bosses or the ad executives.

Why this matters to everyone

It's true that fat people have to ignore strong societal messages in order to develop a healthy self image but people who are fat are not the only ones damaged by these stories; the fear of fat affects the way that many of us think about ourselves and others.

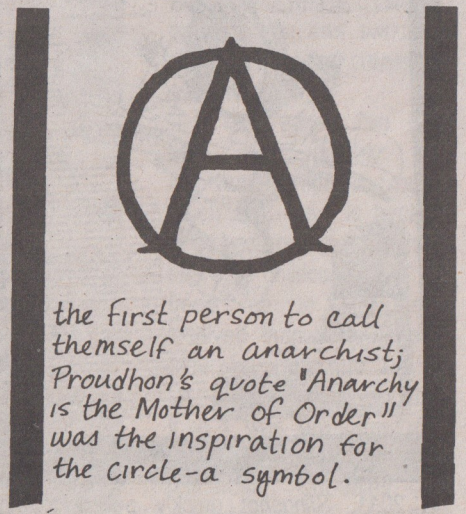
All of us have bodies and often our relationships to those bodies are not particularly empowering ones. I still go through periods where I feel less attractive and less connected to my body and I probably always will. Body size is also just one of the many axes along which we are judged and encouraged to judge. Gender, race, ethnicity, wellness, and ability are only some of the more obvious and prominent categories that have similarly rigid standards into which people find their bodies squeezed. But being fat has also made me who I am in ways that I do not regret, and coming to appreciate my body for what it is instead of resenting it for what it isn't has had a powerful effect on my ability to connect with people and engage more fully with the world.

For all of us, learning how to be confident and comfortable with ourselves means figuring out what we need to be the people we want to be. This can include changing how we act and what we eat, but it also means revamping or abandoning concepts and stories that take power away from us and recognizing that shame, anxiety, and insecurity are not particularly useful tools for self assessment.

*The Fat Acceptance Movement, Health at Every Size (HAES), and *Fat!So?* by Marilyn Wann are good places to start looking for deeper treatments of this topic.

advance human freedom (though for most Enlightenment writers, this admittedly only meant freedom for white middle class men). After several failed ventures in the printmaking business, Proudhon took the advice (and money) of his friend Gustave Fallot, and went to university to study philosophy. From this point on, he wrote prolifically and unrelentingly: he continued to publish books as he fought off various sedition charges, as he built barricades during the 1848 revolution in France (while he published newspapers with readerships in the tens of thousands), while he was imprisoned by Napoleon III (where he continued to write for two newspapers), as he fled France for Belgium to avoid further persecution, as he organized massive anti-voting campaigns, and even as he died: his final moments were spent dictating one last book.

The centerpiece of his philosophy is probably found in the answer to the title of the book that first launched him to fame, *What is Property?* (1840). He argues that property is despotic (tyrannical) and, more famously, that *property is theft.* This is more than a slogan to him, it's a fundamental thesis in his vision of capitalism. The Enlightenment philosophers that Proudhon had grown up reading generally considered property a 'natural right', meaning that humans deserved access to property simply because they have the capacity for scientific reasoning. Proudhon pointed out that whether or not property (especially arable land for agriculture, and factories for industrial production) was a 'right', the institution of property itself was precisely what denied access to land or industrial production capacity to the vast majority of people (It's worth noting here that there is an important distinction between personal possessions [i.e. your toothbrush] and property [i.e. a toothbrush factory]). Instead, owners force workers or peasants to grow food or labor in factories to recognize the farce of their condition, and champion the cause of *scientific socialism* for their release from their current state in society. All of these ideas will probably sound familiar to those familiar with Karl Marx, an early admirer and correspondent of Proudhon who decades later made scientific socialism and surplus value the basis of his theory of political economy. But not only did Marx go ahead and claim these ideas as his own, he went ahead and wrote an entire book primarily devoted to mischaracterizing Proudhon's work, often brazenly misquoting the Frenchman to appear as though he were making the case for capitalism that he spent his entire life writing against. And it seems to have worked: few people read Proudhon nowadays, and Marxists have been feeling smug about their leader's supposed 'discovery' of the pillars of capitalism for over a century and a half (although Marx's theories were certainly built on more the Proudhon alone).



But if this is the case, why do we call Proudhon an anarchist, rather than simply a communist? Could Proudhon not only be the first person to identify themselves as an anarchist, but also the first person to *misidentify* themselves as an anarchist? One claimed to fight for "the absence of a master, of a sovereign" expressed virulent and even violent prejudice against women and Jewish people). But while Proudhon at times held equivocal views on the state, the failures of the French Revolution of 1848 convinced him that governments – even revolutionary governments that allegedly represented workers – were incapable of committing suicide (as Marx never fully understood). He insisted, as many continue to insist, that governments exist chiefly to violently enforce the capitalist class system, and that liberty is thus achieved not by "reducing big government" (as modern right-wing libertarians believe), but through the immediate abolition of government itself.

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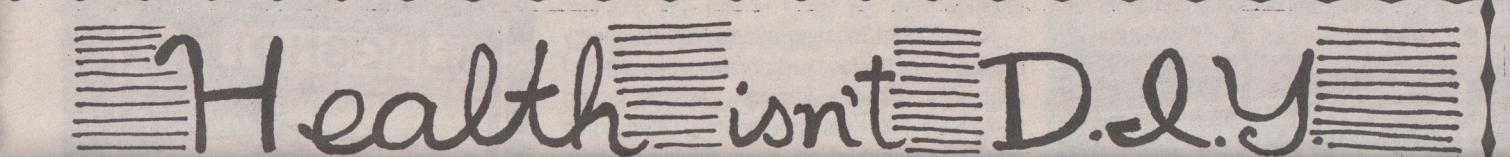

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For a forerunner to anarchist theorists who better understood the role of social revolution, rather than reform and financial tricks, Proudhon has an astounding level of understanding of the way that capitalism robs the working class, and he's definitely worth a read, if you can stomach his sexist views on the importance of traditional family structures. Here are some suggestions for further reading, both big and small:

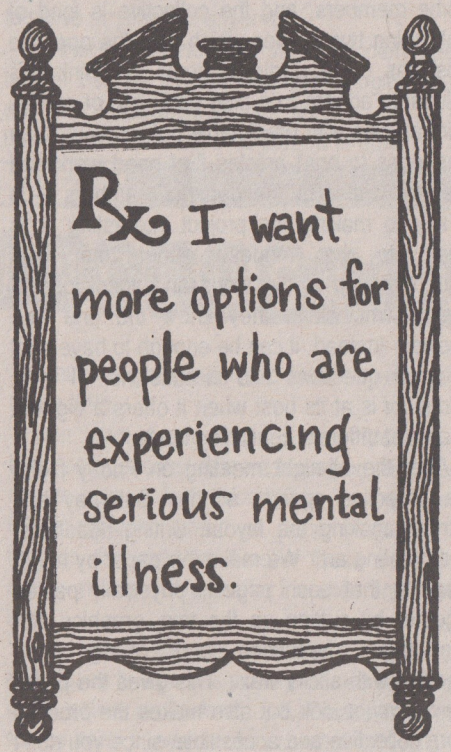
For light readers: Marx and Anarchism (1925), by Rudolf Rocker (free online)
For intermediate readers: What is Property?, by Proudhon (free online)
For advanced readers: Property Is Theft! A Pierre-Joseph Proudhon Anthology, ed. Iain McKay (AK Press, 2011). 823 pages,.

Health isn't D.I.Y

couldn't suggest that maybe he try acupuncture or herbs or meditation or talk therapy. Instead, Nick impulsively sold his possessions and jumped on airplanes to flee dangers he was perceiving but that none of the rest of us could detect, running to Europe, the East Coast, or up North. Nick has a ton of friends who gladly took him in and offered him space and time to relax and recover, but he just got worse.

By the time Nick finally landed in jail facing a felony battery charge for elbowing an 11 year old boy, his paranoid delusions were so deep that while many people loved Nick, his community was worn down, out of ideas, and scared to stick our necks out and argue with him anymore. Nick had turned on a lot of his closest friends who told him there was no conspiracy and that he needed help.

Nick is not a violent person, but when I would hear about mentally disturbed people who went on shooting rampages or killed themselves, I would pray Nick would never go off that edge. It felt irresponsible to not be doing anything.



I want more options for people who are experiencing serious mental illness. But as it stands, the decision Nick's friends couldn't bring ourselves to make is now out of our hands. Nick is locked up in a psych ward.

I don't think this is the end of Nick's story. I have to believe that some of the drugs or therapies available can bring Nick back. I'm hoping that Nick's community can communicate with the state hospital, monitor his case, let them know they're being watched, and advocate for Nick to receive meaningful care, rather than just being locked up. It's a long shot at best.

If you're a friend of Nick's, have experience with this, or know about treatment options for people with paranoid delusions, please email *Slingshot* to share information. Have other radical communities figured out ways to help delusional comrades who didn't think they had a problem without involving the police? I hope this is only the beginning of this discussion.

Continued from Page 1

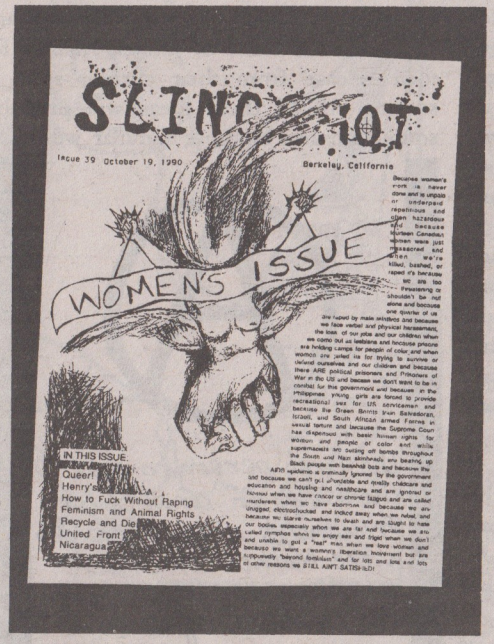
25 YEARS OF SLINGSHOT

copies cost $70, which we would collect from the people making the issue and a few friends. At noon, a bunch of us would sit in Sproul Plaza — the central walkway at the university — to fold the papers and hand them out to the lunch-time rush of students. Usually all 1,000 copies would be handed out by 5 pm.

By the end of the spring semester, 1988, the core group was pretty exhausted and had published 11 issues in 2 months. In August, 1988 we published a fall dis-orientation issue for new students, which was our first issue on newsprint. After that, we published every month or so through the spring of 1990, getting to issue #35 in about 2 years. Some issues were tiny and photocopied while others were on newsprint. Money was always extremely tight and a combination of punk shows, t-shirt sales, and donations from the staff paid the printer bills.

In May, 1990 all three core collective members from the first 2 years — me, Nick and Detti — left Berkeley and it looked like that would be the end of *Slingshot*. However that winter, the first George Bush fought the first Gulf War against Iraq, and other Berkeley radicals came out with an issue of *Slingshot* in early 1991. From that point on, while *Slingshot* came out more infrequently, new issues kept popping up as necessary.

Through this period, the development of the collective was organic. No one ever sat down to plan for the future or figure out how to grow the paper. Instead, each issue responded to what was going on and the desire to get the word out. The collective was an extremely loose open collective, which meant that roughly quarterly doing most of the work on evenings and weekends so people who have to work can participate. With less frequent publication, the paper has focused more on analysis and proposing alternative frameworks for understanding reality instead of just news. However, when big events have come up like the WTO protest in Seattle in 1999, the attacks on September 11, and the Occupy movement in 2011, *Slingshot* quickly pulled together issues to respond.


SLINGSHOT

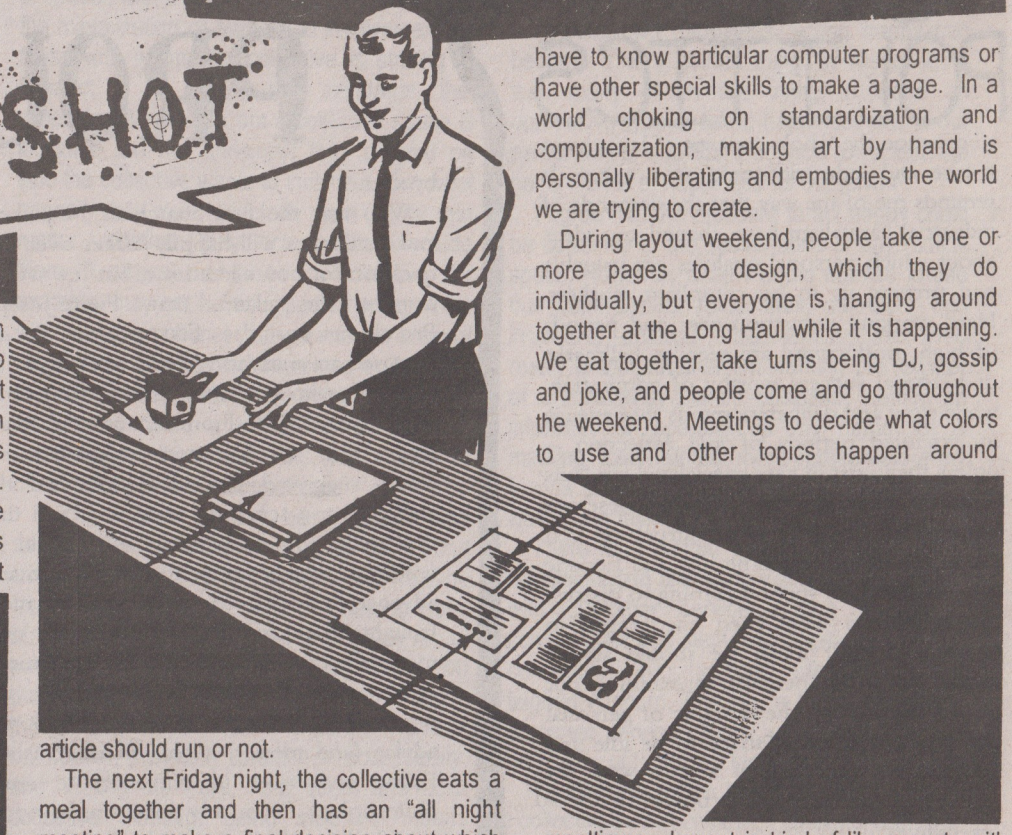
Issue 39 October 19, 1990 Berkeley, California

WOMEN'S ISSUE

IN THIS ISSUE

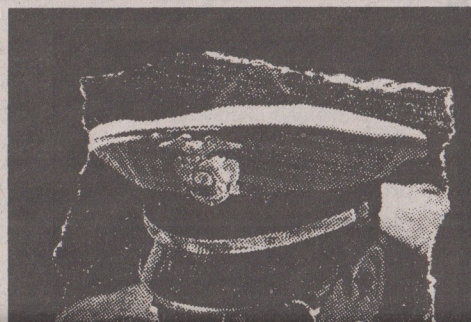
Queer!
Henry's
How to Fuck Without Raping
Feminism and Animal Rights
Recycle and Die
United Front
Nicaragua

A key moment in Slingshot's evolution was 1994 when we made the first *Slingshot Organizer* (the 1995 edition). The organizer



article should run or not.

The next Friday night, the collective eats a meal together and then has an "all night meeting" to make a final decision about which articles to publish and what page every article should go on. We deal the articles out to everyone in the meeting like cards, so everyone has a pile in their lap. Then the meeting goes around and around the circle and each person puts the articles in their pile up for discussion. The goal is to give each person a



have to know particular computer programs or have other special skills to make a page. In a world choking on standardization and computerization, making art by hand is personally liberating and embodies the world we are trying to create.

During layout weekend, people take one or more pages to design, which they do individually, but everyone is hanging around together at the Long Haul while it is happening. We eat together, take turns being DJ, gossip and joke, and people come and go throughout the weekend. Meetings to decide what colors to use and other topics happen around mealtimes. Layout is kind of like a party with pens, rulers and razor blades.

Usually the group who read the articles and went to the all-night meeting isn't large enough to do all the art ourselves, but luckily lots of artists and friends drop by during layout weekend to take a page or pitch in by drawing. We've taken to calling this the *Slingshot miracle* — the way our layout party attracts enough energy to get the project done in style. Having our office in an open community center helps because whoever is traveling through can come upstairs and help make the paper.

At the end of the weekend, the collective gets back together to look at all the pages and potentially fix a few things as well as decide on cover art. The paper goes to the printer and gets back by the following weekend for a big

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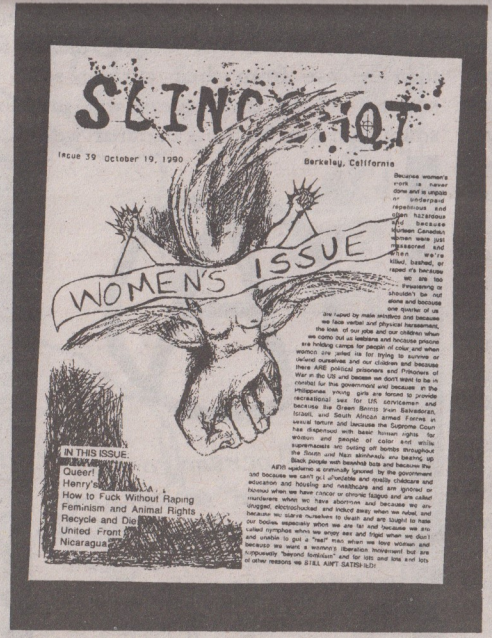
Through this period, the development of the collective was organic. No one ever sat down to plan for the future or figure out how to grow the paper. Instead, each issue responded to what was going on and the desire to get the word out. The collective was an extremely loose open collective, which meant that whoever showed up to the meeting *was* the collective, and a slightly different group of people would work on each issue. It was easy

for new people to plug in and for other folks who got tired of the project to step away. While being an open collective could sometimes be complex when dysfunctional or disruptive



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A key moment in Slingshot's evolution was 1994 when we made the first *Slingshot Organizer* (the 1995 edition). The organizer started out with 400 copies photocopied, folded and collated by hand and bound with a rubber band. As it gained popularity, the organizer erased *Slingshot's* early poverty, but more importantly brought *Slingshot* into new hands and new communities. The organizer is created using the same decentralized, by-hand process that makes the paper, with 30 or more artists contributing to each edition.

How the *Slingshot* process works

Slingshot's process is designed to give everyone in the group as much of an equal say over how the paper gets put together as possible and balance individual initiative with collective decision making. To decrease the power concentration of experts, the process attempts to involve everyone in every part of the work, rather than having a division of labor in which a small number of experts do particular kinds of work.

Each issue, we agree on and publish next issue's article deadline. When the deadline comes along, all the articles get put in a binder and the collective — composed of whoever

article should run or not.

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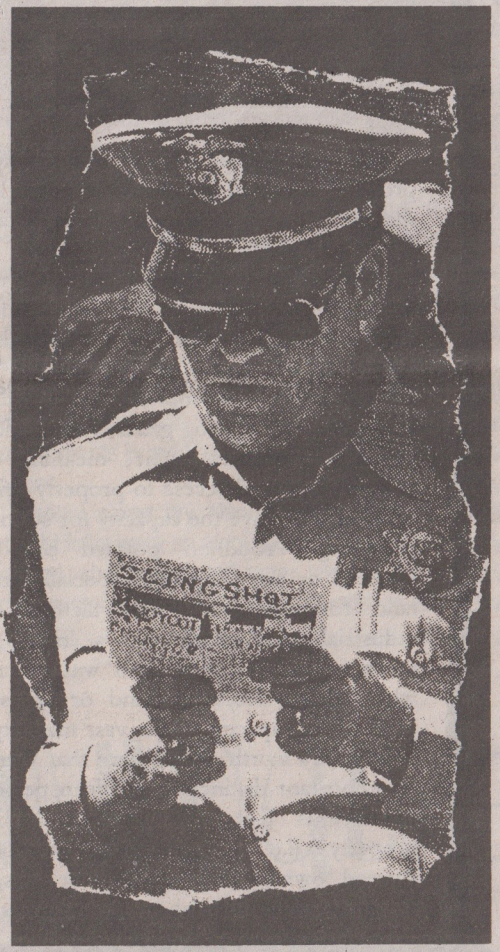

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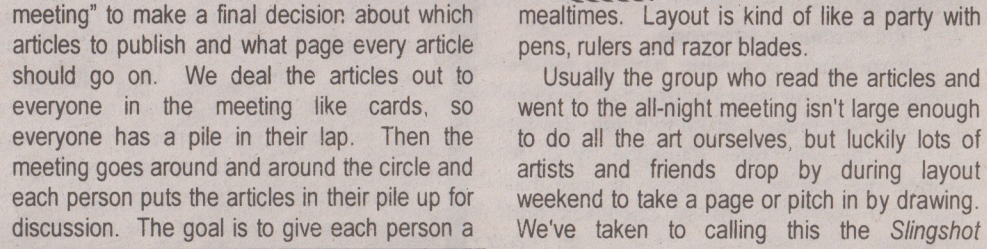
The all-night meeting often involves lengthy political discussions, dramatic readings of sentences from various articles, and sometimes bitter disagreements. Often some articles get published over objections from



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At the end of the weekend, the collective gets back together to look at all the pages and potentially fix a few things as well as decide on cover art. The paper goes to the printer and gets back by the following weekend for a big mailing party. Distribution happens organically — locally by bike and nationally by people in towns everywhere contacting us to volunteer to be on our mailing list to distro papers.

Spiritual glue

Looking back on 25 years of the project, I think *Slingshot* has kept going because it acts as a spiritual glue that holds a community together while always expanding and renewing the community by welcoming new people. People aren't working on the paper out of a sense of obligation. Rather, it's for fun and excitement. Working on *Slingshot* one can potentially be an artist, an author, an editor, a bicycle delivery person, a music DJ, a sales person or a cook. Reading each new round of articles, you get to stay engaged with radical campaigns and ideas. Most of my best friends, housemates, lovers and heroes I've met while working on *Slingshot*. Being in the collective makes my life more meaningful.

To the extent possible, we've organized

for new people to plug in and for other folks who got tired of the project to step away. While being an open collective could sometimes be complex when dysfunctional or disruptive people would start coming to meetings and piss everyone off, overall being an open collective has been a huge strength for *Slingshot* because it has allowed so many brilliant people that no one in the group had ever met before to get involved over the years.

In February, 1993 *Slingshot* began renting an office at Long Haul, a radical community center run by SDS founder Alan Haber, which marked a significant commitment by the group to keep publishing indefinitely. Prior to that, *Slingshot* had been a registered student organization at UC Berkeley, which enabled us to have an office in Eshleman Hall, a building that hosted student groups. We never liked the name "Eshleman" and used to call it "Eshleperson", then "Eshelcreature" and finally "Eshlebeing" Hall. As the University restricted access to Eshlebeing Hall to students with a picture ID and our group ceased to involve many students, we decided it wasn't worth staying on campus anymore.

After moving to Long Haul, we developed the publication process, format and schedule we still use today. We make a newsprint paper

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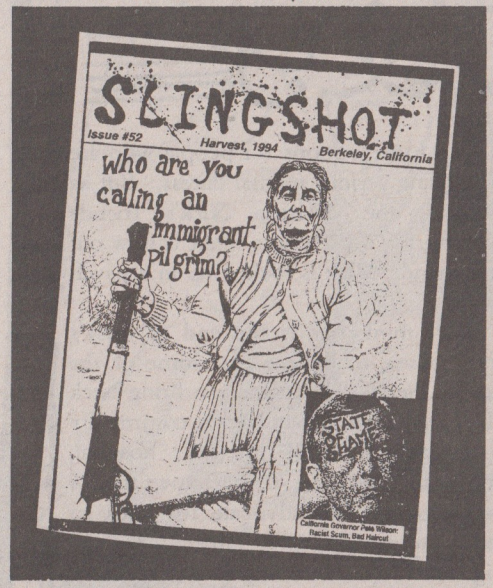

shows up for the meeting — reads all the articles. People make copy-editing marks on the articles and write a sentence or two at the bottom to say if they think it should get published or not, and what editing or re-organization might improve the article. No one is an editor or in charge — everyone is. By the end of the weekend, with multiple people reading each article, the comments often indicate a general consensus about whether an

chance to speak and to avoid the need for a facilitator.

The all-night meeting often involves lengthy political discussions, dramatic readings of sentences from various articles, and sometimes bitter disagreements. Often some articles get published over objections from some members, and the collective is fond of publishing two articles which take the opposite positions on a particular topic. I think this refusal to adhere to a rigid party line or always print articles with predictable politics — and an openness to print articles that need work and that are written by inexperienced authors — is a key to making the project interesting. It is good to be modest about our own understanding of the world and suspicious of people who claim they know the one true answer. Instead, it can be enough to have a lot of good questions and discussions. I think *Slingshot* is at its best when it offers a big tent to a lot of different conflicting ideas.

After the all-night meeting on Friday night, the collective spends all day Saturday and Sunday making the layout, writing headlines, and creating art. We make the paper by hand, meaning that each page is physically pasted together by cutting up the text, graphics and hand-drawn headlines and gluing them together with sticky wax. This gives the paper the *Slingshot* look but also makes the process more collective and accessible, since you don't

be on our mailing list to distro papers.

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Slingshot the way we want a new world to operate — based on cooperation, worker control, freedom, beauty and pleasure. At the best moments, working on *Slingshot* can mean living a little piece of the revolution now. Hopefully readers can sense this in the materials we create. I think a successful project — or a successful life — means focusing not just on an objective, but on the process and the experience you have doing it. *Slingshot* continues because it tangibly makes our lives better than if it didn't exist. And as long as that continues, so will *Slingshot*.

WORKING CLASS HERO

Michael Delacour: 2013 Golden Wingnut Award For Lifetime Achievement

By Hayley

They say that the term "Wingnut" comes from the Hell's Angels of the 1960s, when the motorcycle gang started using the term "fuckin wingnut" to refer to any radical in the East Bay who spoke their mind too loudly. Since that time, radicals have worked to reclaim the term "wingnut," to make it positive. "Berkeley would float off into space if there wasn't a wingnut holding it down on every corner," became a common saying in the 70s. In the 90s, punks around here started sewing wingnut patches to their jackets. During the WTO protests of 1999, the folks from the Long Haul Info Shop carried a giant wingnut flag through the throng in Seattle.

In 2005, Slingshot began to bestow the "Golden Wingnut Award for Lifetime Achievement" upon a local member of the activist community. The Gold Wingnut Award is our way of showing our gratitude to the folks who manage to stay true to themselves and inspire us, through it all.

This year's Golden Wingnut Award for Lifetime Achievement goes to Michael Delacore.

*

There might not have been a "People's Park" if Michael hadn't shown up that day back in '69 with a 2-ton-truck filled with shovels and sod. There had been a lot of talk about putting a park there, in the junked out vacant lot that the university created when it leveled a bunch of beautiful old houses, publicly claiming that there was a "desperate need for a soccer field" privately celebrating the destruction of houses that had been a notorious hangout for hippies, Yippies, beats, and flower children. They didn't expect for the land to be reclaimed and

"The kids were like the black bloc back then," Mike laughs. "Anyone under 18 could do what they wanted and not worry about it staying on their record. So the kids were the ones who broke the bank window that day, and tossed rocks and bricks at the cops."

I ask Mike if he was worried about Kathy. He shakes his head. "I knew she could take care of herself—and I didn't know how bad things were going to get. Just seemed like another protest march. Now the thing I was really worried about was my weed! Police were everywhere, and having weed was a felony at the time."

So Mike ran back to his house on the north

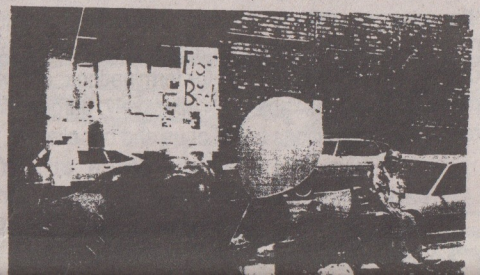
Michael lives with his foster son, Dusk, and his daughter, Vanessa, who experienced a stroke last year, leaving the right side of her body less mobile that it was before. Michael also has 2 surviving children, and 7 grandchildren.

"Family and activism," Michael says, "That's my life."

Though he is in his 70s, Michael still works making boilers. His is active in his union, he explains he pays 6.2% of his wages to union dues, and they have done an excellent job keeping his pay rate at around $40 an hour. As a member of the so-called "Millennial Generation," this is strange and interesting for me to hear: I've worked for over 15 years, but have never held a union job. My generation seems to think these things like good wages will simply be given to them, whereas Michael explains that "you have to keep pressure on the bosses, you can't let up."

Mike hosted a worker-themed radio show on Berkeley Liberation Radio. "At first, I just played jazz music, but I kept having guest speakers and they talked so much, there wasn't much time for music."

The radio show lasted several months, and had to end when Mike's employer transferred him, forcing a longer commute. "When the master calls..." Mike says, shaking his head.



PEOPLE'S PARK

Twenty months ago, Gina Sasso, Michael's long-term partner, died of pneumonia.

Outside of Michael's apartment building, there is a Coldwater Banker sign saying that the building is for sale.

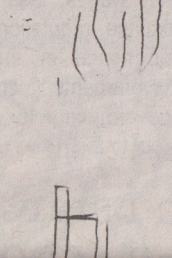
"They killed her!" Michael says, gesturing towards the sign. "They killed Gina!"

Michael goes on to explain that new property owners bought the apartment building he lives in in order to sell it and turn a profit. Twenty months ago, they demanded that Mike and Gina clear out the whole back area of the building so they could replace the patio in order to raise the property value. It was November, and Gina was sick. But she wanted to do right by them, so she pushed herself to clean, and before she could finish the task, she was dead.

Now the apartments are for sale again.

The property owners will surely get their profit.

*



This year's Golden Wingnut Award for Lifetime Achievement goes to Michael Delacore.

*

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Everyone was behind the idea of making it a park, of turning it into a sort of user-cultivated autonomous space where people could have free concerts, meditate, plant vegetables, let their kids play, and do what they want.

Michael held the first planning meeting in a dress shop that he and his former partner were running, and on April 19th Michael gathered the sod and supplies, and about a hundred people showed up and made a park.

No one expected the fallout:

The city of Berkeley transformed into a military zone, police shooting people with birdshot and buckshot, leaving one man dead: a laborer from San Jose who was watching the riot from a roof—shot dead by police—another man blinded permanently, and dozens sustained wounds that would never heal.

Legend tells that the Berkeley Free Clinic was started that day—May 15th, 1969, also called "Bloody Thursday"—when they began dragging folks into the basement of that church on Channing to pull the buckshot and rock salt out of them. Hippies and shopkeepers alike were shot, tear-gassed, and forced to follow a curfew.

You might say People's Park was the beginning of a movement. A war between private interests and the public desire for non-moneyed spaces where people could have real human interaction.

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So Mike ran back to his house on the north side of the UC Berkeley campus and promptly tossed his stash into a garbage can by his house before turning around and heading back down to the protest. As he was walking through the university campus, he noticed some people hiding in the bushes near Wheeler Hall and discovered what was going on:

"They're shooting people!" a man said.

"No way," Mike said. "It's just rock salt."

Just then, a couple folks covered in blood ran by, and Mike was like, "Whoa!" and jumped into the bushes to join the people hiding.

Mike would later learn that dozens of people were injured, one blinded, and James Rector was mortally wounded.

"You take responsibility for these things," Michael says. "You don't have a choice about that. I wanted a park. Now James Rector is dead."

But there were other unforeseen consequences of People's Park. Among them, The Long Haul Info Shop (which, arguably, was created in the wake of the energy generated during the People's Park volleyball riots) and Slingshot!.

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Mike at a Park ReOccupation in the late 1970s

Michael's daughter Kathy died in 1988.

Dusk, Mike's foster son, tells me he found an old diary of Kathy's and started typing it up. He prints a copy out for me, and a few days later, I curl up on the sofa in my living room, and read. On the ten-year anniversary of Blood Thursday, she wrote:

May 15, 1979

"Ten years ago I was in one of the highlights of my so called life / 10 years ago. Bloody Thursday Peoples Park – it's so weird when I try to imagine and life 10 years ago/ Need I go on? In the dark? Still at leslies – it's late – stoned out typical!!! Tea is being made. I could have made a good speech at Sproul plaza today. Michael made one – I missed it. It was on the news though 5 & 7 – saw old

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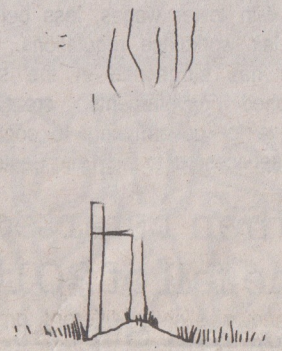


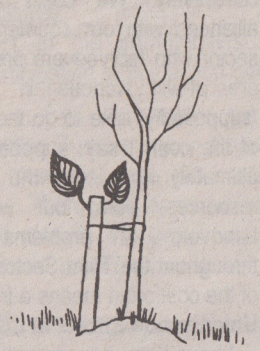
On April 28th, I ride my bike to People's Park for the 44th Anniversary Carnival. The park is alive with hundreds of people dancing, making music, blowing bubbles, and even feeding a pack of llamas that someone brought.

I search the park for over an hour before I finally find Mike. He's patrolling the perimeter of the Park, copwatching.

"There's three of them over there," Mike says through gritted teeth, motioning towards 3 cops with gun belts lurking near the edge of the park. Mike's 2-year-old granddaughter is balanced on his hip.

Suddenly, the three officers beeline for a man who is sunbathing naked in the middle of the park.

We watch as the cops begin to harass the naked guy, telling him "There are children present, you realize!"



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A lot of folks talk about People's Park as the first Occupation: and it has been held for 44 years.

*

I meet Michael at his apartment near the intersection of Ashby and Telegraph, and we walk to a nearby Chinese Restaurant for lunch.

He tells me about his experience of Bloody Thursday:

"They came and fenced off the Park that morning, and so we all went out to the intersection of Haste and Telegraph."

Michael's daughter, Kathy, who was twelve at the time, used a wrench to open the fire-hydrant, creating a plume of water.

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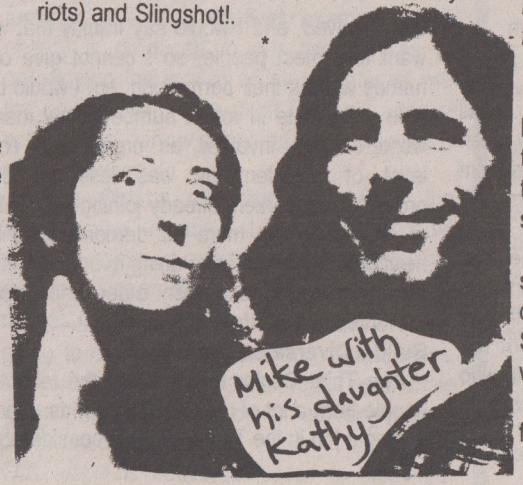

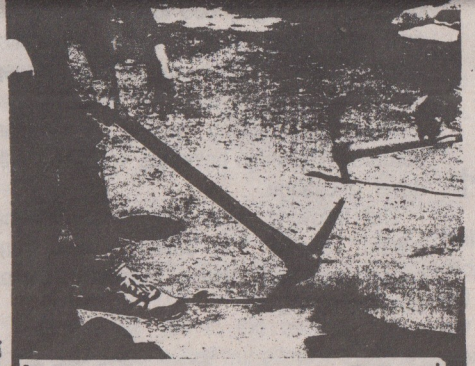

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A few days later, I ask Mike how Kathy died. He explains that a bad batch of heroine went through town. "It was 400 times stronger than the old stuff. Kathy had no idea that's what she had."

Kathy went to the hospital, and was given a shot of "heroine antidote," but the doctors didn't know that it wouldn't be strong enough. She went home, and fell asleep, and never woke up.

"A couple hundred people in the area died from that one batch," Mike says.

*

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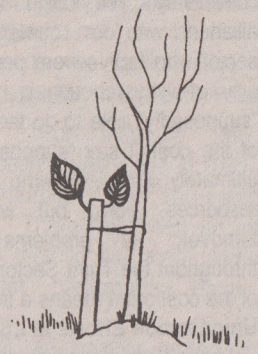


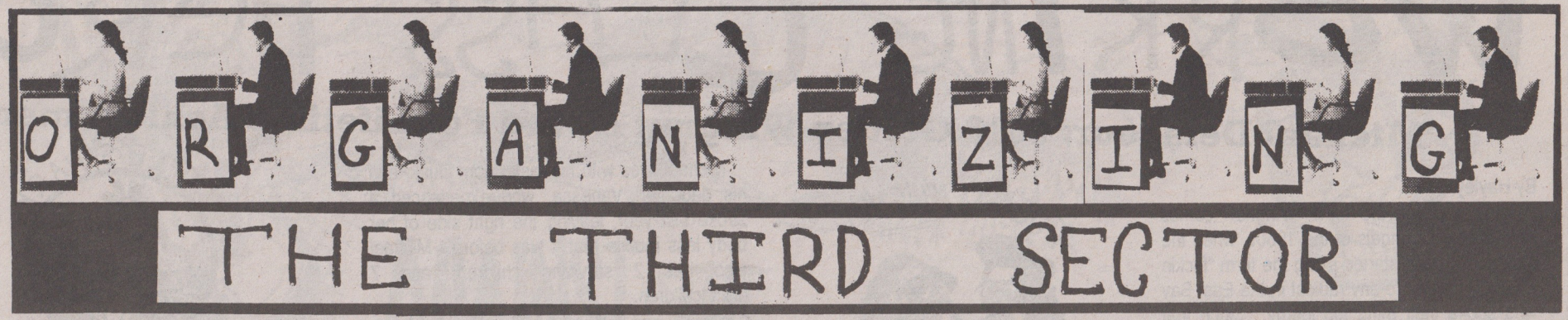
Suddenly, a group of people—mostly women and children—form a circle around the naked guy. They hold hands, chanting, "Guns out of the park, nudity in the park!"

"Don't you think it's disgusting," a cop says, "to have a naked guy in front of children?"

A woman responds, "I'd rather kids see him than your gun in the park!"

The police seem confused. They back away, and soon flee from the park entirely.

This is the space that Mike hoped to create when he hauled those shovels and sod here 44 years ago: a space where anything can happen. A space where we negotiate what it means to be among people.



by Joey

Nonprofits are the Third Sector because they are neither private for-profit corporations nor public agencies. Instead, nonprofits occupy the nebulous space of a private agency often operating with a large share of public funding in government grants and contracts. Many governments have followed suit with their corporate counterparts in decreasing payrolls, partially because of shrinking revenues and partially because of an unshakable faith in free markets being more efficient in delivering services.

This faith in the free market has given rise to the Third Sector and to large nonprofits such as Larkin Street Youth Services (LSYS) among many others. Many of the jobs in the nonprofit service sector used to be occupied by public sector employees. However, following the trend of trade union workers in the private sector having their jobs moved overseas, governments have found it increasingly more cost-effective to outsource the work of unionized public workers to privatized nonprofits, in which workers are often non-union with lower wages, less benefits, and more lax workplace regulations. The Third Sector has burgeoned in the shadow of retrenched governments, creating more incentive for governments to contract more social services out to this Third Sector.

When I started in

base salary of all the counselors by $2,000, forcing workers to choose between more income or better health benefits. The pay increase did not affect education and employment specialists or case managers, and no plan has ever been detailed to raises the wages of all workers, let alone restore health benefits. Staffing ratios have also suffered severely as services have expanded. In the case of my old program, Outreach, as well as the Drop-In Center, both programs have actually had permanent staff positions cut in the past year alone, while a new Director position has been created. Perhaps most importantly, even though the legal rights of Third Sector workers are better protected in San Francisco than other parts of the country, being an at-will employee is still a highly vulnerable position. One can be disciplined or fired at almost any time for any reason with no due process. This is a grave concern of many workers, myself included, who have witnessed coworkers written up or fired for taking sick leave or not reporting even the most mundane details about clients. A union at LSYS would give us all a contract with due process protections, meaning management would have to establish just cause for terminations, and we would all be able to collectively bargain for better conditions for all of us and our clients.

Workers attempted to unionize at LSYS back in 2010. However, when I started working there, the unionizing attempt was already faltering. A coworker of mine put it best in

On my very first day at LSYS, I asked for an Organizational Chart because I wanted to know how the hierarchy worked and who fell within which Divisions. The Employee Manual said that we would receive one in the New Hire Orientation, but it was not in my packet, so I requested one and had it sent via e-mail the next day. I read the full 30-page Employee Manual in the first week and the full 130-page Policies and Procedures Manual within the first six months. When our healthcare options were drastically cut in 2011, I pored over the premiums, deductibles, and coverage to contest the "sales pitch" made for our high-deductible HRA plan. When a new Employee Manual was issued in 2012, I read the whole thing in full while highlighting, compared it with the old manual, and then requested a meeting with our Chief Operations Officer to ask pointed questions about changes in language and omissions of certain sections. The new manual omitted any mention of the San Francisco Sunshine Ordinance, which allows members of the public to access and review much of our budget. I was later able to point out this omission to other workers and to back up the veracity of any budgetary claims I made with, "Well, go see for yourself, if you don't believe me."

"Learning the organization" is the groundwork for mobilizing the workers because, as an organizer, one needs to be fully conversant in all the roles and responsibilities, all the policies, and all the

easier than surmounting higher barriers to employment in the public sector with its more stringent regulations for civil service, nonprofit work tends to attract everyone from younger, white college graduates as a stepping stone to long-term careers, to single parents putting themselves through college or graduate school while supporting a family, to slightly older workers of color who wish to give back to their communities, and to LGBT workers who can be safely and comfortably out in the very socially liberal atmosphere of the Third Sector. The Third Sector is often a very diverse workforce, representing varied class, age, racial, and sexual interests.

Putting confidentiality and discretion at the center of every interaction is important in creating a culture of mutual aid and protection

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This faith in the free market has given rise to the Third Sector and to large nonprofits such as Larkin Street Youth Services (LSYS) among many others. Many of the jobs in the nonprofit service sector used to be occupied by public sector employees. However, following the trend of trade union workers in the private sector having their jobs moved overseas, governments have found it increasingly more cost-effective to outsource the work of unionized public workers to privatized nonprofits, in which workers are often non-union with lower wages, less benefits, and more lax workplace regulations. The Third Sector has burgeoned in the shadow of retrenched governments, creating more incentive for governments to contract more social services out to this Third Sector.

When I started in the fall of 2010 at Larkin Street, I found myself embroiled in the tail end of a failed unionization effort.

If we are to stem the tide of ever-dwindling public resources in social services, public health, and education, then organizing the Third Sector is crucial to reversing the privatization of our service economy. If workers in the Third Sector have access to competitive wages, decent benefits, and better, more regulated working conditions, then governments would have less incentive to privatize those services in the first place, because they would not be considerably cheaper. Ultimately, organizing broadly across the Third Sector could create greater opportunities to demand more resources for all collectively. We could also forge strong alliances with our counterparts in the public sector who face severe pressures when there are at-will workers in the Third Sector

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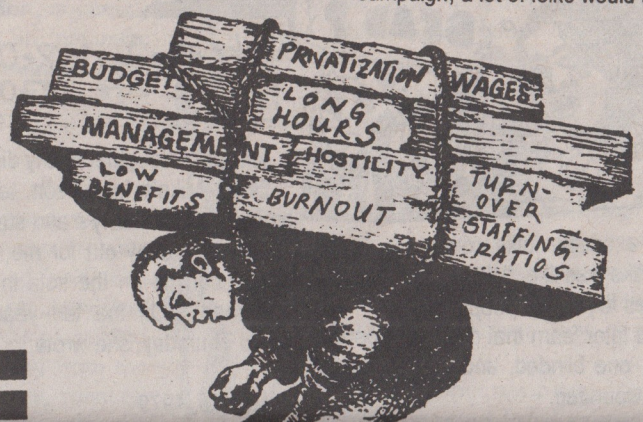
Workers attempted to unionize at LSYS back in 2010. However, when I started working there, the unionizing attempt was already faltering. A coworker of mine put it best in describing our current efforts, "This time it really feels like we're organizing. Last time, it just felt like protesting." I would argue that this perception is largely due to the fact that this time around we built a strong foundation, whereas previously we were intently focused on forming a union, this time we have really focused on building worker power and solidarity, the union being the vehicle, not the driver, of change.

The following is a very broad roadmap toward building that solidarity with some specific examples ,where possible, from our campaign at LSYS.



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"Learning the organization" is the groundwork for mobilizing the workers because, as an organizer, one needs to be fully conversant in all the roles and responsibilities, all the policies, and all the changes in the organization, especially in a volatile workplace where turnover is often high and policies are arbitrary and subject to change quickly. Eventually, one must also become conversant in explaining the unionizing process, but to lay the groundwork for organizing the workers, one must learn how the organization ticks and which people make its heart beat.

Establishing Trust

Furthermore, putting confidentiality and discretion at the center of every interaction is important in creating a culture of mutual aid and protection. In the beginning of the campaign, a lot of folks would ask me who else

while supporting a family, to slightly older workers of color who wish to give back to their communities, and to LGBT workers who can be safely and comfortably out in the very socially liberal atmosphere of the Third Sector. The Third Sector is often a very diverse workforce, representing varied class, age, racial, and sexual interests.

Putting confidentiality and discretion at the center of every interaction is important in creating a culture of mutual aid and protection.

When beginning to assess other workers and building an organizing committee, do your best to build a diverse base and speak to the diversity of interests among the staff. At a place like LSYS, which has so many jobsites, we were also particularly focused on getting a diversity of people from different sites who would have different contacts. Having so many sites is at once a curse and a blessing because it means that we had to build an organizing committee among folks who would not normally interact very frequently, but the result was that we began to work better with people whom we would rarely see or talk to, and we started to learned more about the issues confronting staff at different sites, sometimes staffing levels, other times, purely low pay, and often, disciplinary fears. In attempting to build a diverse committee within the agency, we were able as organizers to speak to the myriad concerns that workers from remote corners of the agency had.

One cannot just grab anybody indiscriminately as an organizer though. LSYS has a very high turnover rate, approximately 60% last year in recent estimates from our HR

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Unionization Efforts at LSYS

I have been a worker at Larkin Street Youth Services (LSYS) for two and a half years, originally as an Outreach Counselor and transferring later to the Education Department as a GED Instructor. When I started in fall 2010 at LSYS, I found myself embroiled in the tail-end of a failed unionization effort.

LSYS has greatly expanded in the last decade without much careful attention given to the wages, benefits, and working conditions of a growing workforce. For example, in 2011, despite multiple supplications to institute a Cost-of-Living Adjustment (COLA) in response to years of stagnant wages and benefits, the agency ignored such requests and instead eliminated the best healthcare plan in terms of cost and coverage, only later increasing the perception is largely due to the fact that this time around we built a strong foundation, whereas previously we were intently focused on forming a union, this time we have really focused on building worker power and solidarity, the union being the vehicle, not the driver, of change.

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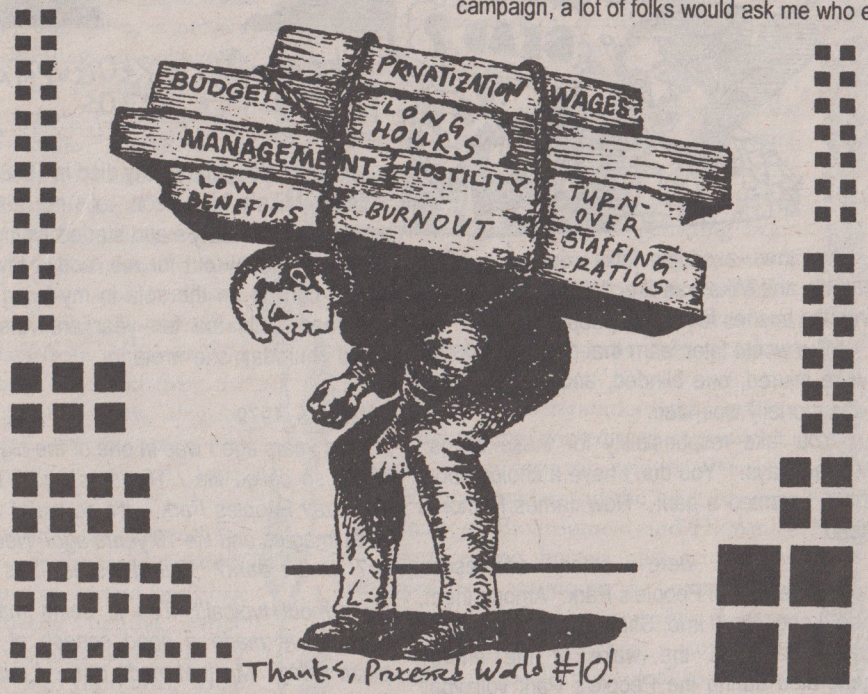

"Learning" the Organization

The nice thing about nonprofits, even the larger ones like LSYS, is that these organizations still have a relatively small workforce. At LSYS, for example, at any given time, there are approximately 140 permanent staff and around 30-40 relief staff. The first and most essential step in organizing the Third Sector is to know everyone, front-line and management. Learn workers' names and job titles, how long they have been with the agency, that which they like and do not like about their jobs, to whom they report and who reports to them, and whom they trust (more on this later).

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Establishing Trust

Furthermore, putting confidentiality and discretion at the center of every interaction is important in creating a culture of mutual aid and protection. In the beginning of the campaign, a lot of folks would ask me who else was involved, and I would say frankly that we want to protect people, so I cannot give out names without their permission, but I would be able to indicate in rough numbers how many workers were involved as organizers. This level of confidentiality was less for the protection of workers already joining the ranks of organizing but more for demonstrating to newcomers that we were doing everything that we could to protect each other and avoid unwanted scrutiny from management.

Build a Diverse Base

The Third Sector functions off the labor of people from a lot of mixed backgrounds. Since getting a job in the Third Sector is considerably

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One cannot just grab anybody indiscriminately as an organizer though. LSYS has a very high turnover rate, approximately 60% last year in recent estimates from our HR Director. Therefore, the workers who have been around a little longer and who have learned how to advocate for themselves and youth strongly are the ideal candidates as organizers. We attempted to pick leaders throughout the agency who are strong youth advocates, strong worker advocates, and who had worked in different departments throughout the agency, a common occurrence at LSYS for myself and others on the organizing committee.

After the Foundation is Set

The foundation outlined above is just a foundation. The tactics deployed in any campaign must be unique to the agency, but workers in the Third Sector often share these common themes above: a more highly diversified workforce, a service sector reliant on trust to operate effectively, and often-changing workers and policies, which need to be actively learned. The next step is to actually garner union representation, but in my opinion, unionization is the result of strong worker solidarity, never the cause.

In Praise of Demotivation

or: *Why Do Something Rather Than Nothing?*

"Motivated, Motivated
We must be motivated."
Neo-Trotskyist refrain

by Guillaume Paoli
Translated from French by Isaac Cronin
Edited by Samara

If people need to be constantly motivated it is because they are constantly demotivated. In the employment sector, all the indicators (i.e., the statistics as well as the police reports) point to a decreased "investment" of workers in their jobs. This is not only the case among poorly paid workers, but also among middle management and top executives. Within the consumer sector, the major markets are seeing a growing dissatisfaction among shoppers, and this is connected to a saturation effect caused by decreased interest in making purchases, rather than the fabled decline in purchasing power.

The more the market needs motivation from the people, the more they seem to lack it.

At the very moment when global capital seems to have removed all external obstacles that formerly impeded its development, an internal factor threatens it. the growing dissatisfaction of its human resources without which the system is nothing. This is the soft underbelly of the colossus. Contrary to what Marx believed, in the end the limit to World Trade, Inc. might not be objective, but subjective—the increasing cost of motivation.

Of all the factors that contribute to this state of affairs, the most important is the generalized cynicism. Cynicism is the reasonable attitude in an unreasonable world. Cynicism is the perception that the game is rigged, that the powers that be are corrupt, that the social contract is a fraud, that the law is unjust, that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer, that the police are violent, that the politicians are liars, that the media are propagandists, that the experts are charlatans, that the educators are ignorant, that the priests are hypocrites, that the doctors are quacks, that the generals are cowards, that the bosses are parasites, that the landlords are thieves, that the businessmen are crooks, that the bankers are vampires, that the consumers are sheep, that the taxpayers are suckers, that the voters are idiots, that the majority is contemptible, that the minorities are pathetic, that the future is bleak, that the past is dead, that the present is boring, that work is stupefying, that money is everything, that time is money, that life is short, that there is no justice, that there is no God, that there is no reason to get excited, that there is no reason to get involved, that there is no reason to do anything, that there is no reason to do nothing, that there is no reason to be cynical.

Cynicism is the intelligence without hope, the consciousness without future, the reason that has reasoned itself out of existence. Cynicism is the skepticism that has become skeptical of itself. Cynicism is the disease of the soul that is the symptom of the sickness of the world.

Cynicism is the negation of the negation. Cynicism is the dialectic that has lost its way. Cynicism is the critique that has lost its critical edge. Cynicism is the revolt that has lost its revolutionary spirit. Cynicism is the revolution that has lost its utopian dream. Cynicism is the dream that has lost its dreamer. Cynicism is the dreamer that has lost his mind. Cynicism is the mind that has lost its way. Cynicism is the way that has lost its destination. Cynicism is the destination that has lost its reason for being. Cynicism is the reason for being that has lost its reason for being.

Cynicism is the end of history. Cynicism is the end of philosophy. Cynicism is the end of art. Cynicism is the end of science. Cynicism is the end of politics. Cynicism is the end of economics. Cynicism is the end of religion. Cynicism is the end of everything.

Cynicism is the beginning of nothing. Cynicism is the beginning of the void. Cynicism is the beginning of the abyss. Cynicism is the beginning of the end.

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Of all the factors that contribute to this state of affairs, the traffic jam plays a special role. The situation is known well. Each consumer buys a car that promises individual freedom, speed, and power only to find itself stuck in traffic with other motorists who, driven by the same motives, did the same thing. In this situation, it isn't really accurate to say we are in a traffic jam; the bitter truth is that we are the traffic jam. As congestion spreads from one part of the market to the next, the life span of each so-called "reason to drive" decreases. The immediate tactic is to create new motives quickly, but the likely result is that they will end up simply creating a new motive-jam. And it is not just that people overwhelmed with offers don't know where to turn, but also, as everyone gets caught in traffic, companies are unable to reach to increasingly unavailable customers. Also, getting caught in traffic makes the workday longer, and results in lower pay per hour. It is logical: the more the markets become global, the less is the role of each person in creating wealth, the more e becomes an interchangeable unit. Everyone is now subject to a double bind: expect a lower salary and consume more. Be creative and admit that there is no alternative; be loyal and

If capitalism has as an essential precondition the motivation of its collaborators, it is logical for the opponents and victims of its development to treat demotivation as a necessary stage

demotivation in order to condemn it. I believe, rather, that we should welcome this situation as an opportunity. If capitalism has as an essential precondition the motivation of its collaborators, it is logical for the opponents and victims of its development to treat demotivation as a necessary stage.

When I told my circle that I planned to write this elegy, my friends either disapproved or didn't understand what I was doing. I get it: as if we aren't demotivated enough as it is! But isn't the problem rather that the ideas, the general objectives, the dreams, the reasons to act that animated previous generations have disappeared from the surface of the social field? Today's motives look more like a "cemetery of uniforms and tanks," as Duchamp put it.

The difference between ancient society, modernism, and post-modernism is this: the ancients knew that they believed, the modernists believed that they knew, and the post-modernists believe that they don't believe in anything. It is precisely this latter belief that we need to dismantle. The thing we need to criticize in the disabused pose of those who have walked away from everything without having been anywhere, is not their giving up of illusions. Rather, all of the illusions they weave about a world which they describe as "rational," but which is in fact filled with spells, magical rituals and sacred cows. If the ancient idols have been thrown to the bonfire of vanities, it is in the name of this ever more voracious monotheism that mystification remains a social force. If this new brand of nihilism isn't noticed, it is because it is everywhere, presenting itself as the only truth,

eliminate the pagan gods, but instead integrated them into its universe, then the monotheism of the market has not completely destroyed real motives that populate this world. It simply monopolizes these motives, denaturing them. It reforms them so that they conform to its ends, to the point of making them unrecognizable. Assuming that market continues.

You could say this is not enough. That you have to give people a reason to fight, motivate them to seek a better world, offer them visions of well-being, beauty, of justice. Not really. I do not hold the view that this is the role of critical theory. If one opposes how our energies are channeled by the market, it is not in order to suggest instead behaviors and goals deemed "more radical." One has already seen plenty of these utopias that ridicule the current norms in order to replace them with even more tyrannical ones. In the end, the history of the 20th century has abundantly demonstrated that the attempts to oppose World Trade, Inc. with radical models of subversion have provided our enemy with its best weapons. Today the bureaucrats want nothing less than to make every employee a Situationist, imploring them to be spontaneous, creative, autonomous, freewheeling, unattached, and greeting the precariousness of their lives with open arms. Our approach, in which we limit the critique to the domain of the negative without a specific goal, demonstrates our optimism stemming from this hypothesis (obviously unproven) that most people have within them all the energy necessary for their own autonomy, without which they would simply be add-ons to the power of others.

Lichtenberg once wrote, "Nothing is more unfathomable than the system of motivation behind our actions." One can hope that the unfathomable recaptures its rights.

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This text was originally published in French in 2009 as part of the first chapter of the book *Eloge De La Demotivation*. The rest of this book will be released in Engiish for the first time in fall of 2013 by Little Black Cart.

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In this edit, gender neutral Spivak pronouns (e, es, eself and tey, tem, ter, temself) have been used to replace the gendered pronouns of the original text. A 1980 study by Donald G. MacKay showed that readers were less likely to misinterpret the Spivak pronouns, whereas the use of one pronoun mislead some readers into believing that only one gender was being referred to (American Psychologist, vol 35).

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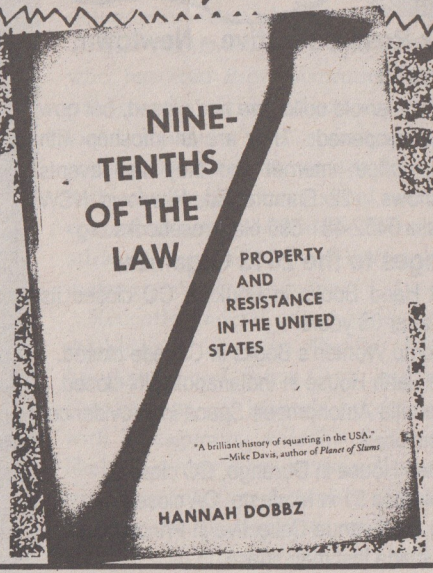
WE READ IT FOR YOU

Nine Tenths of the Law
by Hannah Dobbz
AK Press (2012)
$21 300 pgs.



The last several months have held many victories for the radical squatting movement in the United States: in Oakland, Steve DeCaprio gained legal ownership of his squatted house, in New York City the MUseum of Reclaimed Urban Space has become the first American squat that is also a museum of the Lower East Side's squatting movement. In the literary world, *Nine Tenths of the Law*, the first history of squatting in America, has been released by AK press. The author, Hannah Dobbz is an Oakland-based squatter and filmmaker of the 2008 documentary *Shelter: A Squatumentary*. In *NToTL*, Dobbz chronicles the activity of squatting in America, retelling American history as a series of European squats made on Indian land, moving forward in time to the Occupy Movement, which, in many areas, did not vanish after it was forced out of public squares, but instead moved out of sight and into abandoned buildings.

NToTL is chock-full of excellent stories of police raids and the creation of new houses, as well as a smattering of legal tidbits and advice. Also, there is a hearty section on the co-op movement, detailing the dynamics of radical collectives who feel peevish about trespassing, and work to gain their houses through legal means. As we attempt to build amazing lives liberated from bosses and authorities, we need resources and space. Hannah's book is a guiding light as we work towards housing this movement. It is also an excellent investigation of an underground cultural movement, and is great fodder for any US history nerd. *(hayley)*

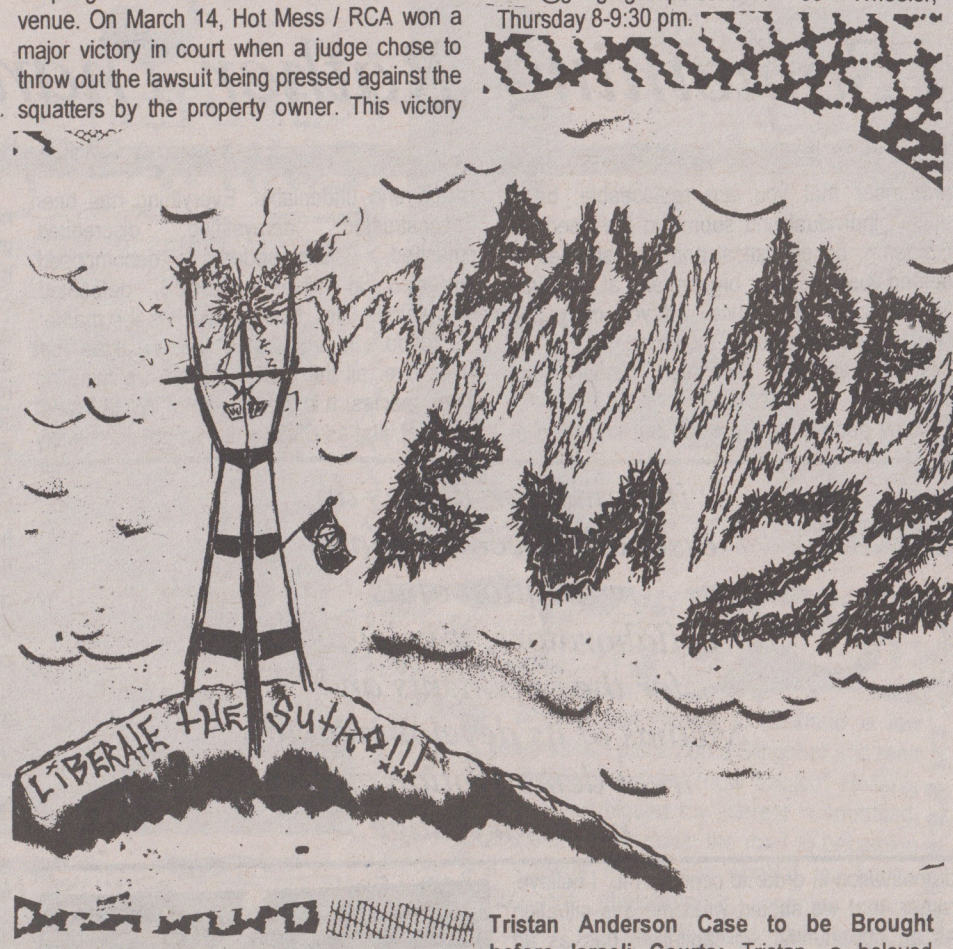
Compiled by EagleEye Rye

The Battle for the Bulb: On May 6th, 2013, Albany City Council voted towards removing the humans and art that live on the capped landfill known as the Albany Bulb, a capped landfill that juts out into the Bay. The Albany Bulb has been a space of human wilderness for over a decade — with art, music, theatre, gardening, and creativity bursting from the seams. It is not always a "safe" place, but it is a free space, and it has become an international icon of autonomy. This summer, we are calling on artists, performers, builders, and creative people of all ilks to come make the Bulb your playground. Let's show the world why autonomous space is more valuable than anything money can tame!

Pending Destruction of the Sacramento Delta Wetlands: A major industrial project is underway that will divert the Sacramento River away from the wetlands of the Delta into the unsustainable (but heavily lobbied) factory farms in the Central Valley. Also, according to the Daily Kos, the hidden agenda is to frack the Delta. A couple decades ago, voters turned down a similar proposal to divert the Sac River into a "peripheral canal," but now, Gov. Jerry Brown has bypassed the will of the voters with the "Bay Delta Conversation Plan" (hella think-speaky name, yeah?). If the BDC Plan isn't stopped, 35 miles of the Sacramento River will be diverted into underground tunnels, destroying vast ecosystems as well as the spawning grounds of endangered salmon and smelt. overtroubledwaters.org/

The Davis Dozen Walk Free! In early 2012, a group of students and teachers at UC Davis protested the presence of a corporate bank on their university by peacefully blockading the entrance. They did this for 2 straight months, until the bank closed up and left their campus forever. In April of 2012, twelve people who were associated with the blockade were charged with misdemeanors, and faced up to 11 years in prison and $1,000,000 in fines. On May 6th, 2013, the Davis Dozen settled on a

Court Victory for Hot Mess / RCA: Hot Mess is a reclaimed house near the MacArthur BART station with a free store, a huge vegetable garden, and a chicken coop. In recent months, residents have liberated the abandoned RCA store next door, turning the shop's ground floor into a lecture hall & music venue. On March 14, Hot Mess / RCA won a major victory in court when a judge chose to throw out the lawsuit being pressed against the squatters by the property owner. This victory



will be useful in the defense of future squats (to find it in the books: Alameda County Superior Court Case #: RG12638555, *Rockridge Properties LLC, vs Carey et al.*). Legal defense was provided by Land Action, an Oakland-based non-profit that assists environmental & social-justice organizers in

Conscious Living Collective: Up on the UC Berkeley Campus, students have formed a group that is dissolving the boundaries between personal growth and social change. Come if you dare transform your bullshit into the fertilizer for a new era of awesome. CLC-Core@googlegroups.com / 30 Wheeler, Thursday 8-9:30 pm.

Tristan Anderson Case to be Brought before Israeli Courts: Tristan, a beloved member of the Bay Area activist community, received brain damage and permanent paralysis at the hands of Israel's military police in 2009. Gabby Silverman will soon travel to Israel with Tristan's parents to demand justice in Israel's corrupt courts (It's pretty hard to respect that judicial system after they threw out

her *twice*! Now these courts are claiming the cop-soldier didn't see her? Yeah right, you cowards! If you're going to murder foreigners, at least give us the same level of vague acknowledgement you do your Palestinian victims;). Tristan's trial will start on June 10th. Gabby plans to post updates to IndyBay.org.

Drones Over the East Bay: Since 2005, Customs & Border Patrol (CBP) has used drones to scan the skies over the US-Mexico border. In December of 2011, CBP graciously allowed police departments nationwide to share in its bounty of drones — without so much as a smidgen of public consent! In December, it was announced that the Alameda

County Sheriff's Office would be receiving a drone, and since February, that drone has been sighted hovering over West Oakland. PRETTY. FUCKING. SCARY. Here's the ACLU report on domestic droning: aclu.org/blog/tag/domestic-drones

Nudity Ban in SF Spawns Hella Nudity: On Nov 20, 2012, San Francisco City Council formally banned nudity, attempting to snuff out one of the city's most treasured cultural traditions. In protest: monthly nude street parties! MyNakedTruth.TV

Re-Occupy the Farm: As these words are being hot-waxed into the Slingshot on May 11th 2013, the Gill Tract is being re-

away from the wetlands of the Delta into the unsustainable (but heavily lobbied) factory farms in the Central Valley. Also, according to the Daily Kos, the hidden agenda is to frack the Delta. A couple decades ago, voters turned down a similar proposal to divert the Sac River into a "peripheral canal," but now, Gov. Jerry Brown has bypassed the will of the voters with the "Bay Delta Conversation Plan" (hella think-speaky name, yeah?). If the BDC Plan isn't stopped, 35 miles of the Sacramento River will be diverted into underground tunnels, destroying vast ecosystems as well as the spawning grounds of endangered salmon and smelt. overtroubledwaters.org/

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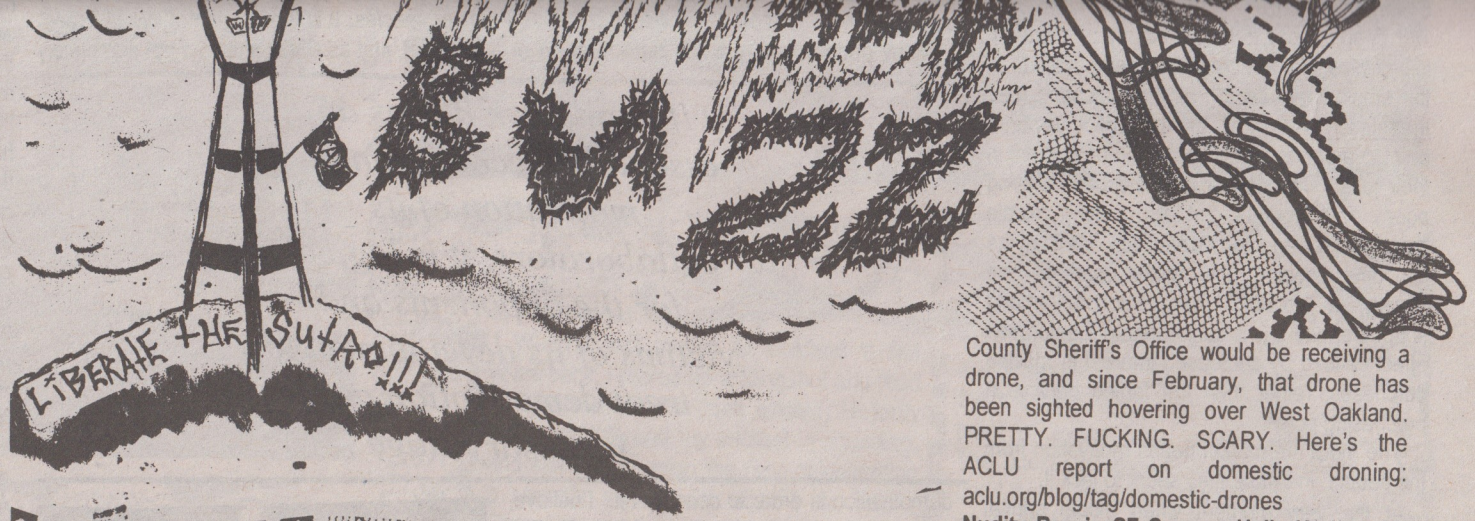

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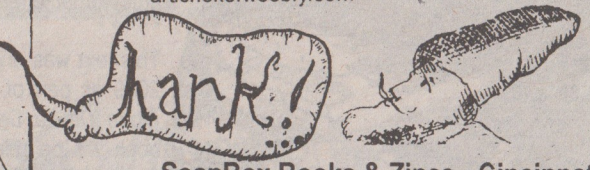
Complied by Jesse D. Palmer

Here's a few radical spaces we've heard about since we published the *2013 Slingshot Organizer*, as well as news about a bunch of spaces that have closed. Many radical collectives create spaces to host meetings, events and resources like tools, seed libraries and free stores. Like the occupations a couple of years ago that allowed isolated individuals to

The Artichoke - Springfield MO

An infoshop with a lending library, free store and skillshare space. 800 W Locust, Springfield, MO 65803, the-artichoke.weebly.com



SoapBox Books & Zines - Cincinnati, OH

A new infoshop with a library, book and zine shop, and space for meetings and events. Shares space with a bike coop and a gardening project. 1415 Knowlton St. Cincinnati, OH 45223 513-541-0252 soapboxbooks.org

Third Space - Toledo, OH

A radical community center with free coffee, a library and a record store that hosts shows and events. 137 N. Michigan St Toledo, OH 43604

Survival Center - Eugene, OR

An infoshop and community space located on

used bookshop as well as magazines, music and video, plus a meeting space. Hämeentie 28, Helsinki, FIN 00530. Ph 040-300-1909 www.mustankaninkolo.info, mustankaninkolo@gmail.com

Infocafé Salé - Prague, Czech Republic

An infoshop with a radical library that hosts workshops, films, meetings and meals. They are named after the Salé pirate colony in Morocco that served as a independent base for subversive activities. All food is vegan. Open Mon-Thurs 4-10. Address: Orebitská 194/14 PRAHA 3, sale.s.cz

Squat Cibulka - Prague, Czech Republic

An autonomous zone in Prague. Their website is in Czech (which I don't read) but it seems like they host lots of radicals events. Address: U Cibulki, Praha Košíre, cibulka.squat.net

- Revolver Infoshop in Prague, Czech Republic doesn't exist anymore.
- DisCentrum in Prague, Czech Republic got evicted.
- The Bicycle Kitchen in Los Angeles moved to a larger location: 4429 Fountain Ave. LA, CA 90029.
- The Sibley Bike Depot in St. Paul, MN has changed their name to Cycles for Change. The address is the same.
- The Bloom Collective in Grand Rapids, MI has moved. Their new address is 8 Jefferson SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503.
- The mailing address for the Durham Bike Coop is PO Box 1225 Durham, NC 27702
- We got envelopes back from the following places. We don't know if they move or ceased to exist, so let us know if you know:
  - Cream City, Milwaukee, WI
  - Candlelight Collective, West Bend, WI
  - EarthDiver Book Collective, Oshkosh, WI
  - Casa Taller Aziz, Brownsville, TX
  - Durham Bike Coop, Durham, NC

Complied by Jesse D. Palmer

Here's a few radical spaces we've heard about since we published the *2013 Slingshot Organizer*, as well as news about a bunch of spaces that have closed. Many radical collectives create spaces to host meetings, events and resources like tools, seed libraries and free stores. Like the occupations a couple of years ago that allowed isolated individuals to meet each other, these spaces provide a public place to create and expand community. This is important because without public places to connect with new people, a lot of radical scenes get very clique-like. Drop in and visit the space near you, or start your own. Check on-line for the latest updates: slingshot.tao.ca

The Artichoke - Springfield MO

An infoshop with a lending library, free store and skillshare space. 800 W Locust, Springfield, MO 65803, the-artichoke.weebly.com

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Survival Center - Eugene, OR

An infoshop and community space located on the U of O campus but available to non-students and students alike. Suite 1, Erb Memorial Union, Eugene, OR 97403, 541-346-4356, survival@uoregon.edu

Rad-ish Collective - Boulder, CO

A housing collective with a community space/ zine library that hosts Food Not Bombs radical movie nights, meetings, and dance parties. They also have a slide out the 2nd story window. 710 31st St. Boulder, CO 80303. theradishcollective@googlegroups.com

Black Rabbit Hole - Helsinki, Finland

Infoshop and anarchist space – the name is Mustan Kanin Kolo in Finnish. They have a used bookshop as well as magazines, music and video, plus a meeting space. Hämeentie 28, Helsinki, FIN 00530. Ph 040-300-1909 www.mustankaninkolo.info, mustankaninkolo@gmail.com

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Black Rose Collective – Newtown, Australia

This 25 year-old collective had closed, but now they've re-opened. They are an infoshop with books, coffee, internet and they host events and shows. 22 Enmore Rd, Newtown NSW Australia 0452-481-696 blackrosebooks.org

Changes to the 2013 Organizer

- Left Hand Books in Boulder, CO closed its doors after 33 years.
- Toronto Women's Books in Canada closed.
- The Earth House in Indianapolis, IN closed.
- Libertalia Autonomous Space in Providence, RI has closed.
- Unitea House in Durango, CO closed.
- Firehouse 51 in Modesto, CA closed.
- The 3rd Avenue Collective in Prince George, BC, Canada lost their space.
- Revolver Infoshop in Prague, Czech Republic doesn't exist anymore.
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  - Durham Bike Coop, Durham, NC
  - Earth House Collective, Indianapolis, IN
  - Rag and Bones Bike Coop, Richmond, VA
- Camas Infoshop in Victoria, BC Canada has moved. Their new address is 2620 Quadra St., Victoria, BC, V8T 4E4.
- An anonymous person emailed us to object to Centro Social CCC in San Juan, Puerto Rico being in the radical contact list and claiming that they are not radical. Our collective is in Berkeley so normally we can't visit spaces on our list. When someone nominates a space, we do our best to look at materials they publish and if they look stimulating, we put them on the list. We know not everyone will agree with each listing. Generally, we think a bigger looser tent is better than a smaller stricter one, but who knows? We welcome your comments either way.

Moira Scar in the Parallel Universe Comic #3

http://moirascar.blogspot.com

A sci-fi comic recounting the adventures in dystopia with this hard to pigeon band. Oh wait the comic's mutant clones does it for us "they always played lap tops in easy listening style". A police state populated by robots and clones work to destroy the fun being sought by Moira Scar. Humor and a dedication to creating art boldly challenge the ugly world we inherited. (eggman)

THE SPLICE OF LIFE

Hawai'i 510 (aka No Gods No Mattress 18)

PO Box 3936
Berkeley, CA 94703
$2+2 stamps

When I first read the "Haole Go Home" article by enola d in Slingshot #111, it brought up many memories for me. I had people in my life who had the means and time to spend time traveling around Hawai'i. These people were punx who I had loved and yet, after hearing that they were traveling/moving there, I always wished I could tell them to check their privilege and reconsider. I didn't feel like it was my place (an excuse perhaps) and they went anyway and often came back with what I felt was disappointment and sorrow and possibly some positive experiences. enola helped me to remember the sobering reality vs. idealistic images of "paradise" in places that were once perhaps "paradise" before imperialism/capitalism swept through, salting the land. Resistance is fertile though, as many of enola's encounters with native Hawai'ians seem to suggest. I remain more committed to staying the hell out of Hawai'i after this ish of NGNM. To paraphrase/borrow from enola, maybe I'm just getting older and being more of a jerk too. Whatevs. (j-tronn)

Detained

eryon.franklin@gmail.com / eryonfranklin.org

What is it like to be in jail and not know if you will ever be released? This beautiful zine describes the

NWDC, and on the other, you follow Mani as he bides his time at INS. As you unfold the zine and it gets longer and longer, and you watch the conversations, the people, the blue blurs of faded moments, all adding up to the uneasy sense of time passing behind bars. The zine comes with two posters celebrating the eventual release of Mani and Gabi, depicting them back at home, reflecting on their experiences. For anyone who wants to learn more about immigration, American prisons, or if you just want to experience some amazing book art, check this thing about. Shout out to Futureman at the Bellingham Alt Library for putting it in my hands! (*hayley*)

The Anvil Review #4

The Anvil Review
PO Box 3549
Berkeley, CA 94703
theanvilreview.org

The Situationists are at it again. The latest issue of the *Anvil Review*, the free twice yearly print edition of theanvilreview.org, features anarchist writing by old-school situationist Isaac Cronin, Wolfi Landstreicher, and newer anarchist theorists like Alejandro de Acosta and Critila. We should note that peeps mostly consider themselves "Post-Situationists" now, with good reason: the tactics of the early Situationists have become so thoroughly co-opted by the bourgeoisie that you practically have to be a Situationist to sell your abstracted labor these days. Fuck that shit. But yeah, the *Anvil Review* is worth checking out if you like critical essays tied to culture and informed by an anarchist sensibility. Issue #4 is focused on the idea of "the city" and includes 9 critical essays that attempt to expand the ways we think about the psychical, social, and mythical space of the city. (rye)

Purple Haus Erotica Vol. 1

la.pequena.mort@gmail.com

Erotic but not smutty, Purple Haus Erotica is a collaborative zine that has short stories, poetry, and drawings about sex and sexuality. The introduction states that "this zine is an experiment in what sexuality is and can be." I found the pieces to be tasteful and non offensive, but that doesn't mean

Shards of Glass in Your Eye #7,8,9

PO box 7831
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
$2 +postage

The L.A. Zine Fest this year boiled over with people not phased by the so-called "death of print." I unearthed Kari Tervo's publication there, and it's evident that she seems to be in a state of Zine Fever. She started this title in the mid 90's but has recently given it a kick in the ass with a renewed focus on humor. The main content seems to be observations of the life around Beverly Hills, which often includes the most recent celebrity sightings. It's not very counter culture. In fact, it even has an icy hostility to current P.C. trends such as veganism or fix gear bikes. But it's wicked intelligent. There seems to be an awareness of an actual audience reading it — and that there exists with them a reachable tickle spot. Kari touches that spot with reckless abandon. (eggplaid)

We Must Bleed: A Germs Pocket Reader

mcshamrock@gmail.com
$.50 - $1

All hail the mini zine and all hail Darby Crash! This pocket reader is a tribute to the Germs' front singer and tells the story of his final performance and his final moments before he overdosed and left this world forever. Although this zine is small, it is very well researched and very well written. A must have for any Germs fan! Carry this zine in your pocket and have a piece of Darby wherever you go. (vanessa)

The Authoritarians

http://home.cc.umanitoba.ca/~altemey/

Recently, I read Bob Altemeyer's book and it made a lot of things make a lot more sense. Previously I had looked at certain segments of the voting population and went, "They can't be serious, can they?" Sadly, they can. Many authoritarian people are raised in environments where they are told that something is true "because I said so," and are surrounded by social groups who reinforce that view. The end result is adults who have heavily compartmentalized minds because they were never encouraged to reconcile all their ideas together into one unified mental model. Thus they tend to lack

Node Pajomo #13

PO Box 2632
Bellingham, WA 98227
$2+postage

Underground directory to trade anything from letters, zines, Cd's, tapes, mail art, post cards, photos, collages. Running strong for 5 years now. This issue highlights include a guy in Pensacola calling himself The Masked Claw who wants photo copies of people's feet so he can "see into your sole." Also someone in the Netherlands is collecting To-Do lists and a vending machine in Iowa looking for zines. Each issue has attached mail art throughout it all. We got a stamp from Japan and some alternative currency with our copy. As headboggling and randomly fruitful as reading graffiti in a bathroom stall. (eggfad)

Les Carnets de Rastapopoulos #9

2-7 Larch St
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada K1R6W4

Les Carnets is French for The Notebooks. I'm not clear about the Rastapopoulos part. In this issue the author reflects on his pen pals from 20 years ago. On a whim he made an effort to find those from long ago and far away and documents those who wrote him back. The results are interesting if not a little heart breaking. It's not very political, yet nor is it worthless. You can see ordinary people address an extraordinary facet of their lfe. It's a fast read with each scenario written in eyeblinking vignettes. The whole thing reads like a Jr. College school assignment. The simplistic perspective cataloging many stories makes for an impressionistic 20 minute read. That leaves time to write a letter to an old friend afterwards. (aubergine)

Stowaways #13

5082 Wendover Rd
Yorba Linda, CA 92886
$2+postage
romancandlemusic@gmail.com

This large size zine is packed with a shit ton of info on the underground music scene around L.A. One person seems to be doing all the work. The editor Chris is tirelessly here logging dozens of shows, reviewing new releases and interviewing a couple bands. The writing quality is akin to radio news in that it gives just the barest details of an event then its off relating accounts of the next event. For someone not familiar with the region or the music

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Detained

eryon.franklin@gmail.com / eryonfranklin.org

What is it like to be in jail and not know if you will ever be released? This beautiful zine describes the indefinite detention faced by undocumented immigrants who have become immersed in the American legal system, and, the design of the zine itself attempts to physically demonstrate it. It is a 26-foot-long accordion book printed on a single sheet of paper — a long, continuous image of the inside of real prisons (on one side is the North West Detention Center in Tacoma, Washington, on the other side is Seattle's former INS building) and it can be read as an infinite loop. On one side, you follow the story of Gabi as she navigates life at

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Erotic but not smutty, Purple Haus Erotica is a collaborative zine that has short stories, poetry, and drawings about sex and sexuality. The introduction states that "this zine is an experiment in what sexuality is and can be." I found the pieces to be tasteful and non offensive, but that doesn't mean they are tame. The poems and short stories are very descriptive and imaginative and managed to turn me on, which is usually the goal of any erotic tale. The layout is very clean with cut and paste pictures of the human body and other clip art that fits with the text on each page. The cover and back cover are beautifully silk-screened and make it worth having in your zine library. (vanessa)

We Must Bleed: A Germs Pocket Reader

mcshamrock@gmail.com
$.50 - $1

All hail the mini zine and all hail Darby Crash! This pocket reader is a tribute to the Germs' front singer and tells the story of his final performance and his final moments before he overdosed and left this world forever. Although this zine is small, it is very well researched and very well written. A must have for any Germs fan! Carry this zine in your pocket and have a piece of Darby wherever you go. (vanessa)

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Stowaways #13

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The Invisible War is a new film worth your attention. The premise is simple: The US Military has been opened up to include women soldiers and a serious epidemic of rape can be found there. Any complaints to officials in charge prove that the patriarchy doesn't appreciate feedback.

This documentary by Amy Ziering and Kirby Dick plays well, and even has a narrative feature device get us there was worth it. Seeing these ex-soldiers who were enticed, abused and thrown away on a screen twenty feet tall made for a brave show. It's vital for the community to come together and give space to witness what is being hidden. The movie also briefly goes into the issue of man-on-man rape.

the machine that we've been suckered into maintaining — to our own visible detriment.

Ex-Soldier Kori Cioca gets lots of screen time in physical pain left over from her assault. To add insult to injury she spends countless hours to get the coveted government assistance — only to be denied. The film did inspire some policy changes once it was screened to Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta. May be films like this is what's needed to get more people angry to challenge the current practice of military affairs since real change happens in people's hearts first. But I'm a little afraid of the blowback to this kind of public disclosure. The war pigs seem to like to employ intimidation and faceless harassment of dissidents. The film never names the names of offenders but the victims are open for scrutiny — or in our case hope.

Director Kirby Dick already did a great Doc exposing the Motion Picture Association of America they are a self-appointed unaccountable people with a Republican, Christian bent. It also catalogs their harsh ratings over sex in films (as opposed to violence) and a tendency to be favorable to major studios productions over independents. All of this ultimately affects where films are exhibited. Anyways my point is that one could make an argument that the MPAA acts as an arm of propaganda and censorship in this country. Squashing voices of dissent often gets credited to exist rampantly in dictatorships — except it's being done here in a way that's invisible to the people star gazing at the flag. But there is also a behavior being subtly promoted that is confusing sex for violence.

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a movie review

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This documentary by Amy Ziering and Kirby Dick plays well, and even has a narrative feature device in the opening twenty minutes. Slick television ads segue into glorious images of flags and military weaponry, that come across the screen as in a procession before top brass. In likewise pace the viewer is introduced to a half dozen women subjects (one male) and rough sketches of their biographies. Women Soldiers like Kori Cioca believed in the integrity of the military and sought to find there a life of duty and a future. Then suddenly their stories recount the transgression they received while in the hands of the various branches of the service. This is the first of a series of shocks to come for the 97 minute running time. There was even a couple sitting behind me that would occasionally go into vocal shock as the content gave the brutal truth in dismal details. I would guess we all knew what we were paying for. I for one follow activist news a lot and also study horror movies — deadening my vocal chords to atrocities reflected on a screen. Most mainstream people though will be like my friends in the theatre, and have a response that will resemble being slapped with cold water.

I had the occasion to absorb this new work at a benefit for Bay Area Women Against Rape at the Elmwood Theatre in a well to do part of Berkeley. Sadly the attendance was less than a dozen people — but the door price and the cost of resources to get us there was worth it. Seeing these ex-soldiers who were enticed, abused and thrown away on a screen twenty feet tall made for a brave show. It's vital for the community to come together and give space to witness what is being hidden. The movie also briefly goes into the issue of man-on-man rape.

There are several scenes when the government takes the stage as it sings and dances around any accountability. Instead of punishing offenders with any kind of substance, such glib displays of reform can be seen with the info commercials the military has produced to silence complaints. The commercials are directed at potential victims (not potential perpetrators) to do shit like not walk alone at night, don't get drunk and other such magic tricks.

I wish the film did more to indict the military, war culture, and the indoctrination that happens here in America into a competitive frame of life. Let's face it — the American military ***encourages*** soldiers to kill, torture, abuse and rape. It actually does not matter if the target is a frail person with a foreign tongue and different tint of skin, or even a fellow soldier. In fact what is imperative to the Military mind is that the soldier follow instructions — to kill on command. This film's distribution in places like NetFlix substantiates the feeling I get that it will play with less currency in radical spaces working to destroy the present system. Its greatest impact can be counted on in the quiet and clean living rooms of Middle America. Radicals can visit their parents and view it after a well-meaning (but heated) discussion on topics around the military during dinner. Then perhaps Americans can be persuaded to question the machine that we've been suckered into maintaining — to our own visible detriment.

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Director Kirby Dick already did a great Doc exposing the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) with his *This Film Is Not Yet Rated*. This agency was created shortly after John F. Kennedy's murder (headed by a man who's in the photo with Johnson as he was being sworn in on the plane) with practices that make it resemble a cabal. That Doc goes into the make up of the MPAA and how they are a self-appointed unaccountable people with a Republican, Christian bent. It also catalogs their harsh ratings over sex in films (as opposed to violence) and a tendency to be favorable to major studios productions over independents. All of this ultimately affects where films are exhibited. Anyways my point is that one could make an argument that the MPAA acts as an arm of propaganda and censorship in this country. Squashing voices of dissent often gets credited to exist rampantly in dictatorships — except it's being done here in a way that's invisible to the people star gazing at the flag. But there is also a behavior being subtly promoted that is confusing sex for violence.

The news emerging as we go to print is of similar rape epidemics and cover-ups happening in the Peace Corps as well as at Occidental College in Southern California. Even the head of the Air Force's sexual assault prevention unit, Lt. Col. Jeffrey Krusinski, was arrested for sexual assault of a civilian. For anyone really watching what's going on they know that patriarchical organizations like the US military operate with as much as a put-on as a Hollywood movie. (robber eggplant)

contact, and have a desperate need for continual validation of their beliefs both in official authority and by surrounding themselves only with other people who share those beliefs. This also allows prejudice to flourish because they avoid people who would call them out on it or force them to reexamine their generalization. (colin)

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If last issue on label reads "Last issue 113" contact us or be deleted!

Long Haul
3124 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94705

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Berkeley, CA
Permit No. 129

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PITCH DATES

June 8
Zine Festival - Scranton, Pennsylvania

June 14
They Owe Us - a week of action against the G8 - London, England
www.theyoweus.org.uk/

June 15 • 2 pm
Occupy march & occupation - Union Sq. San Francisco

June 15 - 23
Wild Roots, Feral Futures direct action camp - Southwest Colorado
feralfutures.blogspot.com

June 23 - 29
Trans and Women's Action Camp for folks who identify as women, transgender, transsexual, genderqueer and gender variant - Eugene, OR
twac.wordpress.com twac@riseup.net

June 27
Trans March - Dolores Park, SF
transmarch.org

July 1-8
Earth First Round River rendezvous - North Carolina
earthfirstnews.wordpress.com

July 4
Rainbow Gathering - somewhere in Montana

July 7-14
Creative Maladjustment Week - events world-wide www.cmweek.org

July 21-28
Utah Tar Sands Action Camp - stop the first tar sands mine in the US from breaking ground before it starts.org

July 21-28
Eastern Conference on Workplace Democracy - Philadelphia
east.usworker.coop

August 7 - 11
Earth First! Summer Hastings area near the Bexhill-Hastings Link Road, UK
summergathering@earthfirst.org.uk

August 7 - 9
Protest the American Legislative Exchange Council annual meeting - Chicago alecwc.org

August 10 - 11
Portland Zine Fest
portlandzinesymposium.org

August 11 - 17
Free Cascadia Witch Camp
freewitchcamp.org

August 17-20
Reclaim the Power protest & camp - West Burton power station, East Midlands, UK
www.nodashforgas.org.uk

August 24-25
5th Annual Seattle Anarchist Bookfair
seattlebookfair@riseup.net

August 24
Grand Rapids Zine Fest - Grand Rapids, MI

August 26-September 7
Trident Ploughshares Summer International Disarmament Camp - Burghfield, UK

August 30 - September 2
Twin Oaks Communities Conference - Louisa, VA communitiesconference.org

If last issue on label reads "Last issue 113" contact us or be deleted!

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PITCH DATES

June 8
Zine Festival - Scranton, Pennsylvania

June 14
They Owe Us - a week of action against the G8 - London, England
www.theyoweus.org.uk/

June 15 • 2 pm
Occupy march & occupation - Union Sq. San Francisco

June 15 - 23
Wild Roots, Feral Futures direct action camp - Southwest Colorado
feralfutures.blogspot.com

June 23 - 29
Trans and Women's Action Camp for folks who identify as women, transgender, transsexual, genderqueer and gender variant - Eugene, OR
twac.wordpress.com twac@riseup.net

June 27
Trans March - Dolores Park, SF
transmarch.org

July 1-8
Earth First Round River rendezvous - North Carolina
earthfirstnews.wordpress.com

July 4
Rainbow Gathering - somewhere in Montana

July 7-14
Creative Maladjustment Week - events world-wide www.cmweek.org

July 21-28
Utah Tar Sands Action Camp - stop the first tar sands mine in the US from breaking ground before it starts.org

July 21-28
Eastern Conference on Workplace Democracy - Philadelphia
east.usworker.coop

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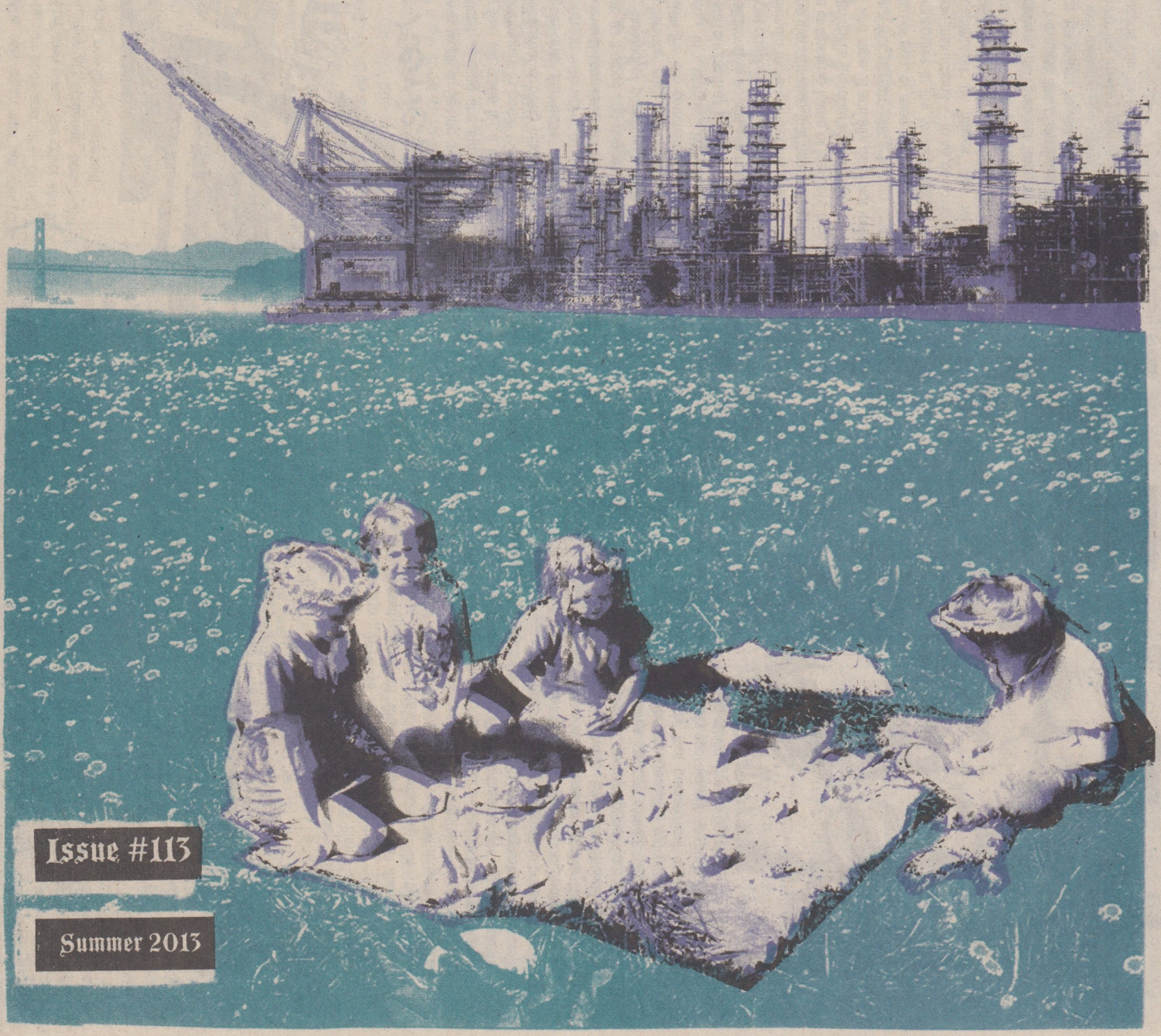

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